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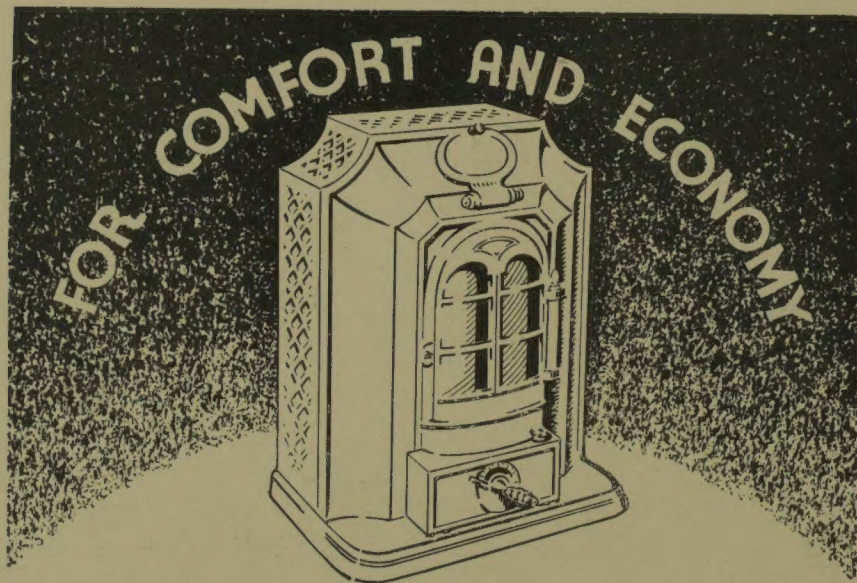
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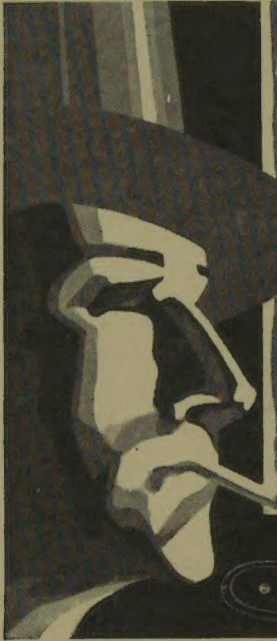


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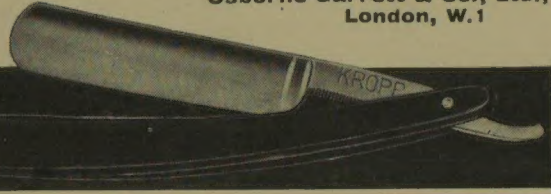
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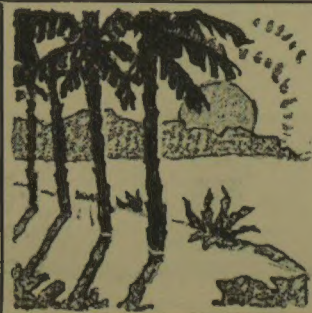
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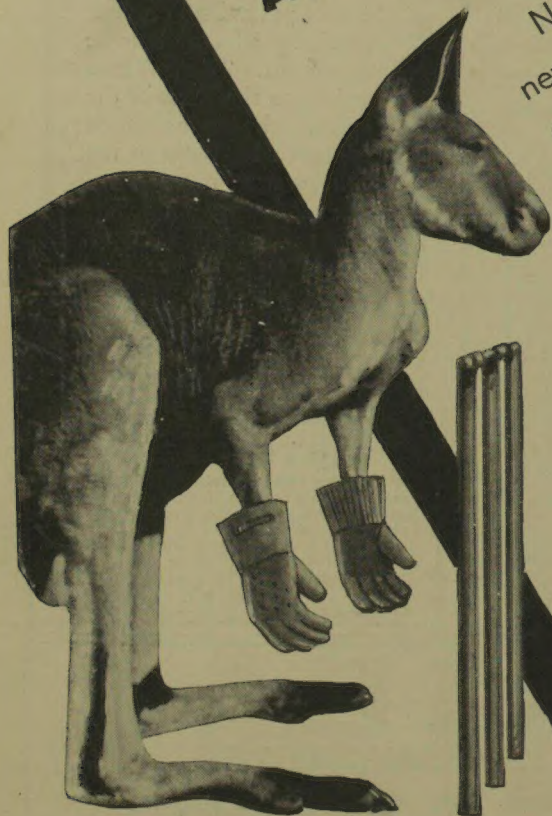
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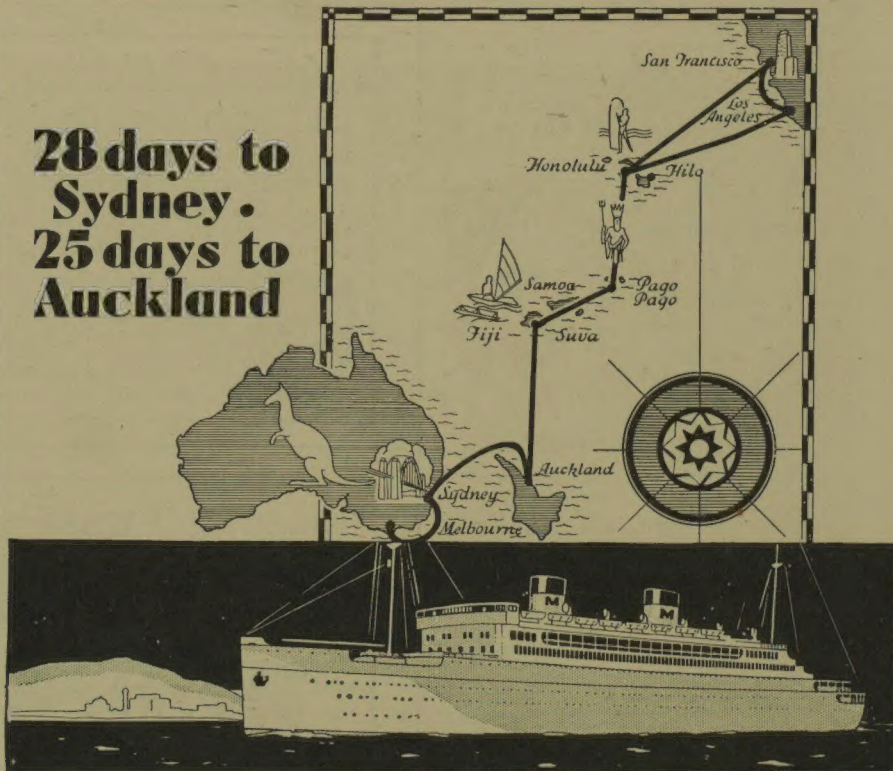
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1932.



THE THREE METHODIST CHURCHES MADE ONE: THE SIGNING OF THE HISTORIC DEED OF UNION BY DR. SCOTT LIDGETT, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED CHURCH, IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The central figures (from left to right) are: H.R.H. the Duke of York, representing his Majesty the King, Mr. Waller Runciman, the Bishop of London, and the Rev. Dr. J. Scott Lidgett.

The signing of the Deed of Union between the three Methodist Churches—the Wesleyan Methodist, the Primitive Methodist, and the United Methodist—took place at the opening session of the Uniting Conference, which was held in the Royal Albert Hall on September 20. The Deed was signed by the presidents of the three Conferences assembled and then by Dr. Scott Lidgett, who declared the union of the Methodist Church of Great Britain and Ireland to have been accomplished. The Duke of

York, with whom was the Duchess, read a message from the King in which his Majesty welcomed the event "as marking one step towards the unity of all Christian people." Among those present were Bishops of the Anglican Church, and leaders of the Nonconformist Churches of England and Scotland, of the Society of Friends, and of the Salvation Army; with, of course, the veteran Sir Robert Perks, who advocated for over fifty years the union now achieved.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A STALE and stupid but still poisonous phrase has been buzzing about for the last ten years, as difficult to catch as a wasp in this warm weather. It is already very old, but is always said as if it were something new; everybody has heard it said, and hardly anybody has stopped to ask what it meant. It has many forms, but the commonest form of it is something like this: "Of course the young were embittered when they realised how their elders had brought the world into a horrible catastrophe and a hideous mess." I, for one, am tired of hearing it, and therefore I propose to be the first person who ever thought about it.

First, I happen to remember that exactly the same argument, if you can call it an argument, was used more than twenty years ago, when the fashion was not so much the Appeal to Youth as the Appeal to Woman. Then, also, we were always told that Woman (who had apparently only been born yesterday) looked around her and saw a world of sin and sorrow. This, she promptly declared, was a Man-Made World. Her supporters were not content to say that she was unjustly treated, as in many ways she was; they were not content to say that she had as much claim as man to this or that legal or social privilege: which was very arguable, and about which, in any case, I am not now going to argue. They did definitely declare that the wickedness and misery of the world were clearly due to the fact that it had been managed by males. If the wasp came in at the window and stung somebody, this was due to the fact that it was a Man-Made window, if not actually a Man-Made wasp. If Woman had been in control of the world, there would have been no wasps; or all the wasps would have been trained in such tact and social discipline that they never stung anybody. If the poor were underpaid or overworked, it was solely because men and not women had the paying of them, though some of us had known women who were hard on their subordinates, almost in the manner of men. If nations went to war, it was because women had not votes to stop them, though some of us knew women who waved flags and shouted war-songs and were far more passionately patriotic than the males whom they sent to war. Whatever evil there was on the earth, it was due to the fact that humanity, for reasons best known to itself, had given all power to the sex that always supported evil, and no power at all to the sex which invariably, and in every situation, supported the highest possible good. I remember all that sort of talk, that started nearly thirty years ago, and attributed all misfortunes to Men. I still hear the other sort of talk, that started nearly twenty years ago, and attributes all misfortunes to Old Men.

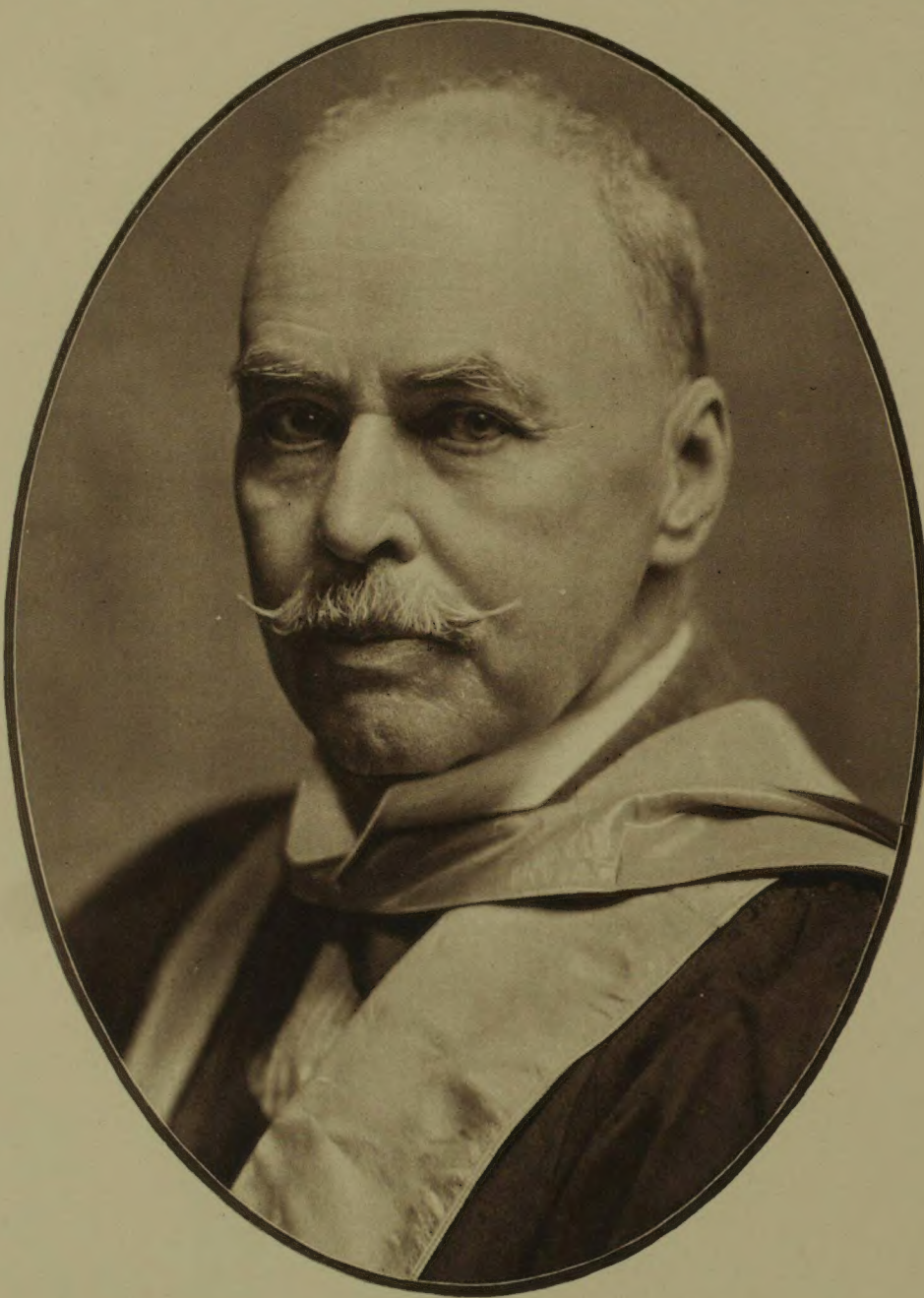
Since then, the first batch of Young Men have themselves almost become Old Men; but they are still saying it. They are still saying it without seriously thinking about it. Anyone who will examine the statement will see that it really rests on three assumptions which, as is usual in these cases, are not only accepted, but accepted unconsciously. The speakers not only assume them without proving them,

but assume them without knowing they are assuming them. The first is this: That terrible and desolating tragedy is so abnormal in human life, and so utterly out of the nature of things, that it can only be attributed to the staggering and scandalous stupidity of some special individual or individuals. Without going off into an argument about human life, we may note that there is at least an element which is here ignored for the first time in history; for that tragic character of living was a commonplace to all the sages and the poets. To put it shortly, if it is

a blunder made by everybody at the same moment. It must have been a blind collision in the dark, and therefore can only have been due to mere negligence in all those in control. Now you may or may not agree that there was an aggressor in the quarrel, but it is nonsense to assume it as self-evident that there was not or talk as if there could not be. If there was, the affair would not be a result of negligence, but emphatically a result of vigilance. We may say it was a wicked vigilance on the part of the aggressor, but, by the same stroke, we are forced to admit that it was therefore a just and honourable vigilance on the part of the defenders. Anyhow, the whole nightmare of mere negligence has disappeared as a necessity of logic; it has disappeared because it was not a necessity but a mere assumption.

Thirdly (though this point is less easy to limit and define properly): It is an assumption to suppose that statesmen or national leaders are necessarily wrong even when they do risk great catastrophes, for the sake of creating or preserving some cultured system associated with all that makes life worth living. A man might admit that his effort to avert catastrophe might fail, that the catastrophe might follow, and still maintain his course, being resolved at least to avoid the worst catastrophe of the loss of the main hope of humanity. Certainly every reform or reconstruction in human history has been followed by calamities, if wars are the chief calamities. The democratic ideal of Athens involved it in a welter of wars; the universal civilisation of Rome was spread by a long routine of wars; every national culture owes something to the national wars. If you accept the French Revolution, it covered Europe with the Napoleonic Wars. If you accept the Protestant Reformation, it devastated the Germanies with the longest and weariest of all wars. If you accept the Russian Revolution, it has already produced endless internal wars, one external war, and the end is not yet. I am not expressing admiration for war, nor, for that matter, for the Russian Revolution or the Reformation. I am only saying that nobody has a right to assume at the start that no statesman has any right to risk war for the sake of ideas that change or preserve civilisation. In short, there was nothing grotesquely doddering and decadent about the Old Men who, twenty years ago, tried to rule the troubled and troublesome race of men. Some were right and some were wrong; but most were vigilant, and all were bound in any case to take a risk.

I think this worth mentioning now, for a simple reason. We are already drifting horribly near to a New War, which will probably start on the Polish Border. The Young Men have had eighteen years in which to learn how to avoid it. I wonder whether they do know much more about how to avoid it than the despised and drivelling Old Men of 1914. How many of the Young Men, for instance, have made the smallest attempt to understand Poland? How many would have anything to say to Hitler, to dissuade him from setting all Christendom aflame by a raid on Poland? Or have the Young Men been thinking of nothing since 1914 except the senile depravity of the Old Men of that date?



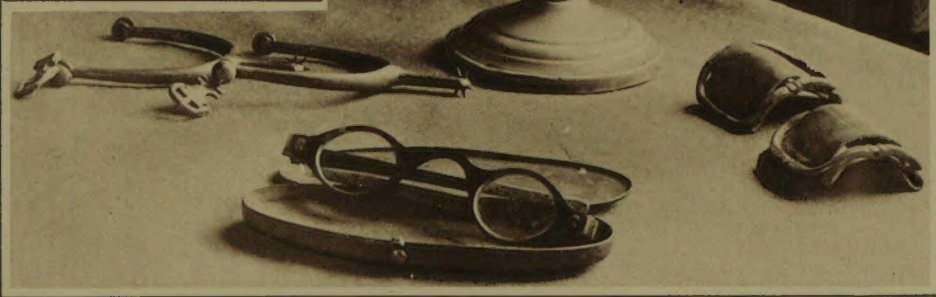
THE DEATH OF THE DISCOVERER OF THE EXACT RELATIONS BETWEEN HUMAN MALARIA AND MOSQUITOES: THE LATE SIR RONALD ROSS, K.C.M.G., K.C.B., F.R.S., ETC.

Sir Ronald Ross died on September 16, at the age of seventy-five. He entered the I.M.S. in 1881. A scientific suggestion that mosquitoes might be the carriers of malaria germs was first made in conversations between Sir Ronald Ross and Sir Patrick Manson. After many patient and baffling researches, Ross made his great discovery: a particular species of mosquito did absorb the malaria germs when they sucked the blood of patients, and these germs went through definite, and hitherto unknown, stages in their life history within the body of the insect. Ross studied malaria in birds, and traced the germ from victim to victim. His efforts were crowned with brilliant scientific success. In 1899 he became Professor of Tropical Medicine in the University at Liverpool. He later visited Panama and many other parts of the world, to examine, advise, and report on malarial control. He became F.R.S. in 1901, and, in 1917, War Office Consultant on Malaria, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. The Ross Institute was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1926.

terrible that two million men should die together in a campaign, it is also terrible that all men without exception must die separately somewhere. It is not self-evident that the tragic phase of life only follows on exceptional folly, and the fallacy was noted some time ago by the Tower of Siloam and the Ash-heap of Job.

The second assumption is this: That a tragedy like the Great War must have been not only a blunder, but

THE UNION OF THE METHODIST CHURCHES: JOHN WESLEY, THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM; AND RELICS OF HIM AND HIS WORK.



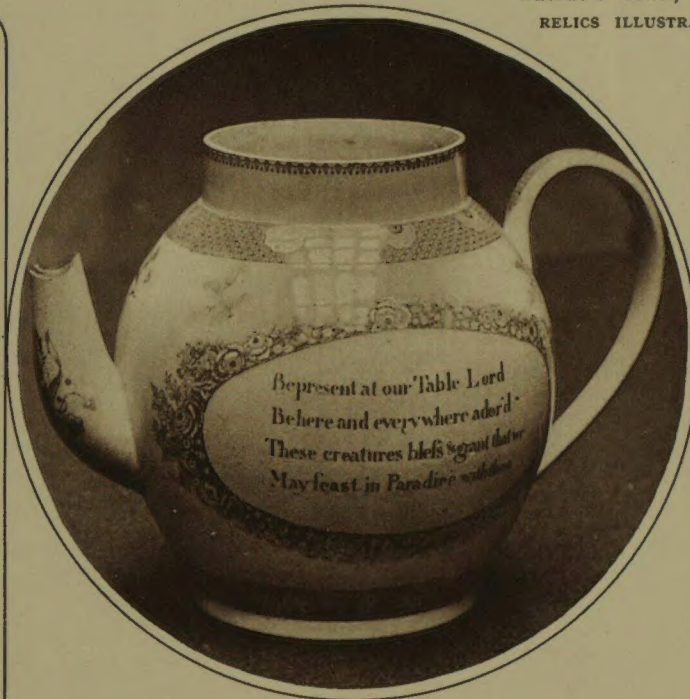
JOHN WESLEY: HIS PORTRAIT BY NATHANIEL HONE; AND HIS SPECTACLES, SPURS, SHOE-BUCKLES, AND CANDLESTICK, WHICH ARE IN WESLEY'S HOUSE MUSEUM.



WESLEY'S GOWN, HAT, AND SHOES; ALSO PRESERVED, WITH THE OTHER RELICS ILLUSTRATED, IN WESLEY'S HOUSE MUSEUM, CITY ROAD, E.C.



WESLEY'S GRANDFATHER CLOCK, WHICH STILL KEEPS GOOD TIME.



THE FAMOUS TEAPOT PRESENTED TO WESLEY BY JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, THE POTTER, WHO MADE IT.



A COCK-FIGHTER'S CHAIR: GIVEN TO JOHN WESLEY BY A CONVERT.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH JOHN WESLEY WAS BORN, AT EPWORTH, LINCOLNSHIRE, ON JUNE 17 (O.S.), 1703.



WESLEY'S CHAPEL, CITY ROAD, IN 1779: A SOUTH-WEST VIEW; SHOWING HIS RESIDENCE ON THE LEFT.

The Deed of Union between the Methodist Churches—the Wesleyan Methodist, the Primitive Methodist, and the United Methodist—was signed in the Albert Hall on September 20, as shown on our front page. We may recall that John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, was born in Epworth Rectory, Lincolnshire, on June 17 (O.S.), 1703, and died in his house in City Road on March 2, 1791. As Dr. J. Scott Lidgett had it in the "Times": "Two hundred years have passed since John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield, with their friends, met in what

came to be nicknamed the Holy Club, at Oxford" and "were led forward, step by step, to the great re-kindling of faith resulting in the formation of the Methodist societies in 1738, and in the ceaseless mission of evangelism upon which the Wesleys and Whitefield embarked in that year"; but Methodism has maintained its power, a power now stronger than ever, for all will agree with Dr. Scott Lidgett that the reunion, the culmination of nineteen years' preparatory work, is one of the most important events in the religious history of this country.

THE PORTRAIT BY HONE FROM THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, WHOSE COPYRIGHT IT IS. THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE RELICS BY COURTESY OF THE METHODIST UNION COMMITTEE. (COPYRIGHT.)



THE GRAMOPHONE AS AN ARMY BAND: DANISH TROOPS MARCHING TO THE MUSIC OF AN AMPLIFIED RECORD.

In these days of increasingly mechanised warfare, it is interesting to note the application of machinery to a military activity which, in this country at any rate, has hitherto been carried out exclusively by man power. This amusing photograph shows a detachment of Danish troops marching to the martial strains of a gramophone mounted on a motor-bus and fitted with amplifiers.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE GERMAN EX-CROWN PRINCE (RIGHT) INSPECTING MEMBERS OF THE STAHLHELM: A MEETING AT POTSDAM.

The fourth annual meeting of the Königin-Louise Association was, our correspondent informs us, held in Potsdam on September 18. The meeting concluded with a parade of members of the Stahlhelm, and the ex-Crown Prince, who identifies himself with that organisation, inspected the ranks. In view of the number of semi-military organisations already existing in Germany, of which the Stahlhelm is one, it is interesting to note that a National Board for the Physical Training of



ON HIS SECOND VISIT THIS YEAR TO ZANDVOORT, THE DUTCH SEASIDE RESORT: THE EX-KAISER (SECOND FROM RIGHT):



THE GERMAN EX-CROWN PRINCESS CHATTING WITH WOMEN MEMBERS OF THE STAHLHELM AT POTSDAM.

Youth has recently been formed by order of President von Hindenburg to give young men training in field exercises.—In the centre we publish a photograph of the ex-Kaiser, with his wife and friends, walking on the beach at Zandvoort, the Dutch seaside resort. In our issue of June 25 we illustrated his earlier visit to Zandvoort—the first holiday he had taken away from Doorn for thirteen years. The ex-Kaiser is, as usual, accompanied by his doctor.



THE BRITISH EXHIBITION IN COPENHAGEN: THE "TIVOLI" PLEASURE GROUNDS, WHERE SPECIAL PAVILIONS HAVE BEEN ERECTED IN ADDITION TO THE EXISTING BUILDINGS.



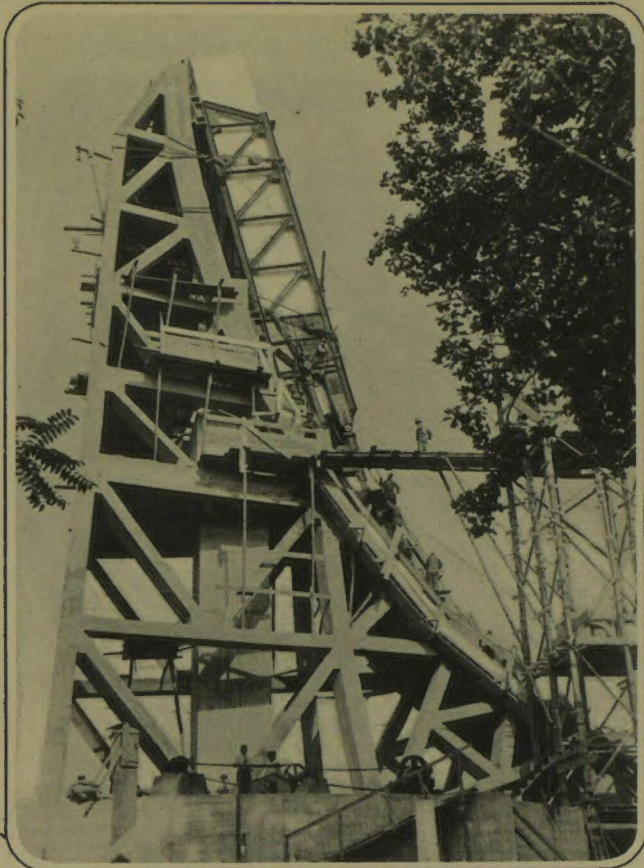
THE BRITISH EXHIBITION IN COPENHAGEN, WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO OPEN: THE OLD ENGLISH INN IN THE "TIVOLI."

The Prince of Wales arranged to open the Anglo-Danish Trade Exhibition in Copenhagen to-day, September 24, and, weather permitting, to cross to Denmark on September 22 in the new Imperial Airways monoplane "Atalanta." It was reported that in opening the exhibition his Royal Highness would probably speak in Danish. Afterwards, with Prince George, he is to travel to Stockholm and be the guest of King Gustav of Sweden. The Copenhagen exhibition will be the largest ever held in Denmark, and the largest British exhibition that has been arranged outside the British Empire. Initiated by the Danish organisation, "British Import Union," it will have as its object the extension of markets for British goods in Denmark and the other Scandinavian and Baltic countries. The exhibition will comprise three main sections: the Forum, the Industries Hall, and the Tivoli grounds. The British trade exhibits will be very representative. They will include motor-cars, motor-cycles, bicycles, plant and machinery, building materials, oils, textiles, china, furniture, stationery, wireless, gramophones, cosmetics, a traffic and shipping section, and a coal section. A special bazaar is put aside for footwear, and the Ford and Shell companies are building their own pavilions. More than 600 British firms have taken space at the exhibition.



THE MACHINE IN WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO FLY TO COPENHAGEN: THE NEW "ATALANTA," OF IMPERIAL AIRWAYS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.



THE REBUILDING OF ROME: ERECTING A MARBLE OBELISK AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE FORUM MUSSOLINI.

The work of raising a huge block of marble in the shape of an obelisk at the entrance of the Forum Mussolini at Rome is almost complete. The length of the block of marble is given as 14 metres, and its weight as 350 metric tons. The Forum Mussolini, it may be noted, forms part of Il Duce's five-year-plan for the rebuilding of Rome.

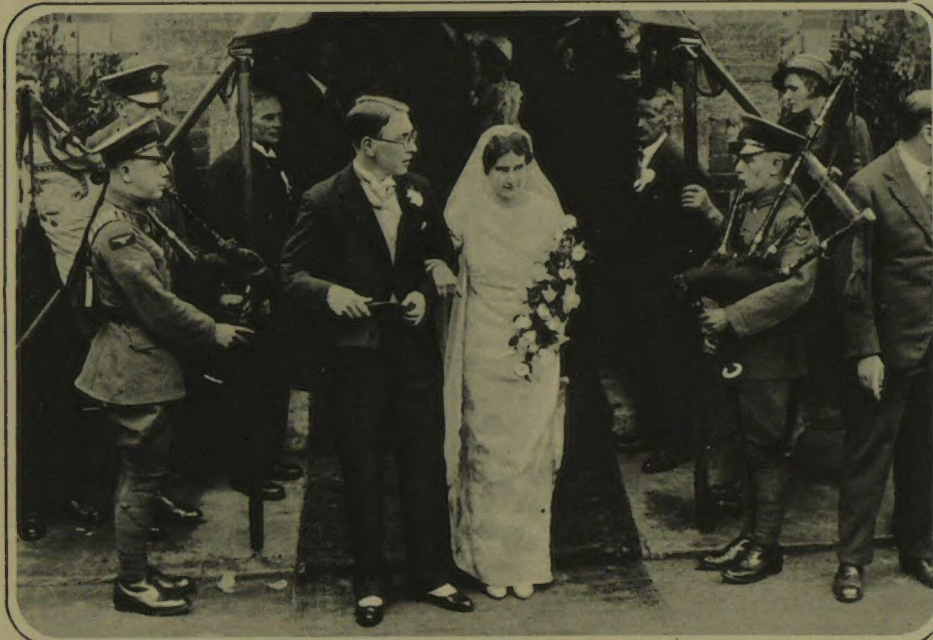
THE KIDNAPPING OF MRS. PAWLEY: A SNAPSHOT OF HER AND HER HUSBAND.

Mrs. K. H. Pawley and two friends, Mr. Charles Corkran and Mr. McIntosh, were captured by Chinese bandits on September 7, on the race-course of Newchwang (in Manchukuo). Mr. McIntosh escaped and gave the alarm.



THE FRENCH AIR-LINER WHICH CRASHED NEAR CROYDON: THE WRECKED MACHINE IN THE GROUNDS OF AN HOTEL.

A French aeroplane carrying goods from Paris to Croydon crashed into some trees at Selsdon Park on the morning of September 17. The pilot was killed and the mechanic seriously injured. There were no passengers in the aeroplane at the time. The accident occurred about 8 a.m. in a thick fog. An announcement by the Air Union stated that the cargo was intact.



THE WEDDING OF DR. JOAN MACDONALD, DAUGHTER OF THE PREMIER, AT WENDOVER: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM BEING PIPED FROM THE CHURCH DOOR.

The wedding of Dr. Joan MacDonald, second daughter of the Premier, to Dr. Alastair McKinnon, was celebrated at Wendover, in Buckingham, on September 20, in the Congregational Church. The bride drove from Chequers by car with her father, and two pipers played her to the church. She wore a Tudor-style gown of heavy pearl crêpe silk, patterned with gold. The bridesmaids were Miss Jean and Miss Bridget MacDonald and the Misses Rosemary and Audrey Elton.



THE UNEMPLOYED RIOTS IN BIRKENHEAD: SHOP WINDOWS SMASHED IN A NIGHT OF HOOLIGANISM AND STREET FIGHTING.

Unemployment disturbances which began at Birkenhead earlier in the week culminated on September 17, when rioting began at about 9 p.m. and went on till 5 a.m. next morning. There was a series of pitched battles between the mob and the police, and nine officers and seven other persons were injured. Crowds of men marched up and down Price Street smashing shop windows.



SIX RACING CARS WHICH PILED UP AND CAUGHT FIRE WHEN THE FOREMOST STRUCK A RUT AT READVILLE (MASS.).

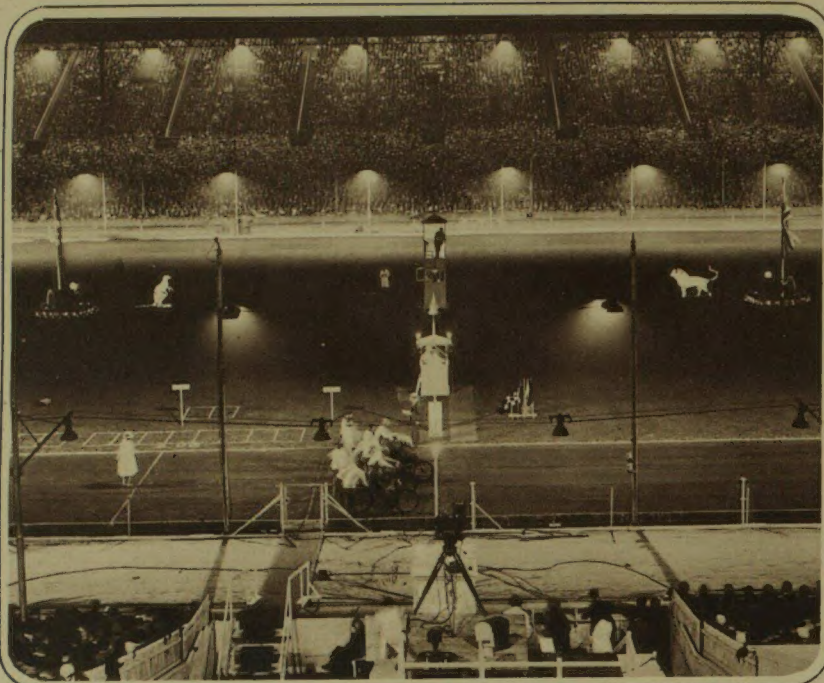
The correspondent who supplies the above photograph writes: "This is the finish of one of the racing events on the Readville (Mass.) track. Six of them crashed in flames after one of the entrants hit a rut, while leading the field, causing those behind him to pile up. One of the pilots was burned to death, and five others were seriously injured."



THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION TROOP-TRAIN DERAILED IN ALGERIA: WRECKAGE OF AN ACCIDENT WHICH CAUSED OVER 120 DEATHS.

A troop-train carrying a battalion of the Foreign Legion was derailed and fell into a ravine near Tlemcen, Algeria, on September 14. The line gave way for a distance of 400 yards, and the whole train, except the guard's van, was derailed. The dead numbered over 120 and the injured over 150. Rescue work was directed by the Inspector-General of the Foreign Legion. The dead legionaries were given public burial.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



WHEN ENGLAND BEAT AUSTRALIA IN THE DECIDING SPEEDWAY TEST MATCH AT THE EMPIRE STADIUM, WEMBLEY: THE START OF A HEAT—IN THE CENTRE OF THE TRACK, ILLUMINATED MASCOTS.

There was a record gate for speedway racing at Wembley on September 15, when England beat Australia in the fifth Speedway Test Match by 51 points to 42, for 84,000 spectators were present. *(Continued on right.)*



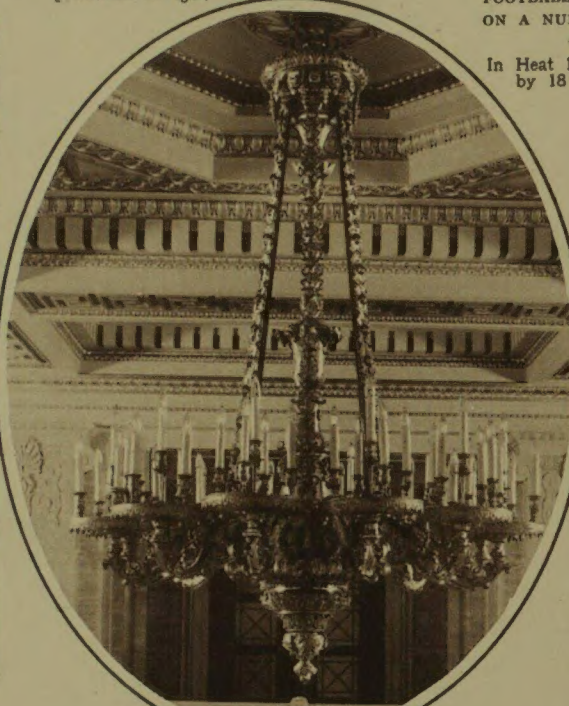
FOOTBALL PLAYED BY MOTOR-CYCLISTS IN PARIS, AS IT HAS BEEN ON A NUMBER OF OCCASIONS IN THIS COUNTRY: THE FIRST GAME OF "MOTOR-BALL" IN THE ELIZABETH STADIUM.

In Heat 11, Huxley equalled the four-laps track record held by Lees, winning by 18 lengths in 77.2 seconds. His speed was 40.08 miles an hour.



THE RIVAL CAPTAINS FOR THE SPEEDWAY TEST MATCH: J. PARKER, OF ENGLAND (LEFT), AND FRANK ARTHUR, OF AUSTRALIA.

Parker is the present Open Champion. He was one of the riders in Heat 11, in which Huxley equalled track record. Frank Arthur was unlucky: he crashed during Heat 1; but he rode second in Heat 5.



PRESENTED BY THE KING TO THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT OF NORTHERN IRELAND: AN ORNATE CANDELABRA FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The new building which houses the Parliament of Northern Ireland, at Stormont, was completed this year, and a few months ago the Parliament first met within its walls.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A DRESS DATING FROM THE THIRD QUARTER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

This fine silk dress consists of a robe with a sack back and a petticoat with panniers. Originally, the embroidery was probably intended for the curtains of a state four-poster bed.



BRIGHTON FRONT AS A MOTOR-RACING TRACK: A START DURING THE SPEED TRIALS, WHICH WERE HELD ON THE EASTERN END OF THE FRONT, PART OF WHICH THE CORPORATION CLOSED FOR FOUR AND A HALF HOURS.

Both motor-cars and motor-cycles took part in the Brighton and Hove Motor Club Meeting on September 17, which lasted for four and a-half hours. The half-mile course was formed by a stretch of the eastern end of the front, which the Corporation had closed for the purpose. Among those taking part were Sir Malcolm Campbell, in his famous Sunbeam, and Mr. John Cobb, in his almost equally famous Delage. Sir Malcolm won, crossing the line at a speed of 76.27 miles an hour: this from a standing start. Ronald Storey, riding a Brough Superior motor-cycle, attained a speed of 81.08 m.p.h., breaking the Brighton record.



THE M.C.C. TEAM OFF TO AUSTRALIA IN QUEST OF THE "ASHES": MR. "PLUM" WARNER, ONE OF THE MANAGERS, GREETED BY THE CAPTAIN OF THE "ORONTES"—LEFT FOREGROUND, MR. D. R. JARDINE, ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN.

The M.C.C. Team which is on the way to Australia in quest of the "Ashes" had a great send-off at St. Pancras Station on September 17, and there was kindred enthusiasm at Tilbury, where they boarded the "Orontes." The only members missing were the Nawab of Pataudi, who will pick up the ship at Colombo, and Maurice Tate. Mr. P. F. ("Plum") Warner is the manager of the team with Mr. Palaret. In the baggage was the M.C.C. flag that was flown at the Oval when England last regained the "Ashes"; and among the mascots is a bucket of ashes inscribed: "To be Returned—Intact."

THE SCOTT CENTENARY: ABBOTSFORD; CONISBROUGH; AND DRYBURGH ABBEY.



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S TWEEDSIDE PROPERTY, WHERE HE WROTE MANY OF HIS NOVELS:
ABBOTSFORD, THE SCENE OF HIS DEATH A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



"THE LORD OF ARMEIS IS MY PROTECTOR, BLISSIT AR THAY THAT TRUST IN THE
LORD": THE OLD TOLBOOTH DOOR AT ABBOTSFORD.



A SITE RICH IN LEGENDS AND BORDER MEMORIES, WHICH PROMPTED SCOTT TO MAKE
HIS ILL-FATED PURCHASE: THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD.



WHERE SCOTT LIES BURIED, ON THE BANKS OF HIS BELOVED TWEED: DRYBURGH
ABBEY, FROM THE WEST DOOR.



FLOOD-LIT AS IT WAS FOR THE SIR WALTER SCOTT CENTENARY: CONISBROUGH CASTLE,
YORKSHIRE, WHICH FIGURES PROMINENTLY IN "IVANHOE."

Sir Walter Scott died on September 21, 1832, and, in his honour, various celebrations of the centenary were begun on Wednesday. The Scott Memorial in Princes Street, Edinburgh, like the ruins of Conisbrough Castle, near Doncaster, was flood-lit; and it was arranged that at Galashiels a memorial to Scott by Mr. T. J. Clapperton should be unveiled on September 21 by the novelist's great-great-granddaughter, Miss Patricia Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford. The story of Scott's purchase and making of Abbotsford—his private Moscow Expedition, as it was called by Andrew Lang—of the financial difficulties in which he became

involved, and of his incredible exertions to pay off a vast burden of debt, is one of the most familiar chapters of literary history. Mr. H. V. Morton writes in his "In Search of Scotland": "Abbotsford is a many-turreted mansion standing among trees and built on rising ground which slopes gently to the Tweed. It looks as though it had been composed by the author of 'Ivanhoe.' . . . When Scott began to make money he started with a more than feminine intensity to make a beautiful frame for his personality. Abbotsford was to be his darling, the ideal background, the complete expression of himself."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. LEOPOLD HIRSCH.

Died September 13; aged seventy-five. Well-known financier and broker, in association with Wernher, Beit and Co. Came to England from Bavaria as a young man. Formed a magnificent collection of *objets d'art*.



SIR DAVID MURRAY ANDERSON.

Appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Newfoundland in succession to Sir John Middleton. Commander-in-Chief of the Africa Station, 1927-1929. Commanded international naval force at Shanghai, 1924. Is fifty-eight.



MR. JACOB DE VILLIERS.

Chief Justice of South Africa. Died September 16; aged sixty-three. Was educated in South Africa and Amsterdam. Called to the Bar in London, 1893. Taken prisoner in the South African War, when he fought for the Orange Free State.



SIR HENRY SIMSON.

The eminent obstetrician. Died September 13; aged fifty-nine. Attended the Princess Royal and the Duchess of York. Prominently associated with the proposed formation of a British College of Obstetrics and Gynaecology.



MR. H. R. MURRAY-PHILIPSON.

Elected M.P. (Conservative and National) for Twickenham in the by-election necessitated by the death of Sir John Ferguson. Had a majority of 4807 in a slack poll.



MR. E. POWYS MATHERS.

Under the name of "Torquemada," the maker of the "Observer's" famous cross-word puzzles. Has just completed a play, "Cold Blood," which, it is stated, will shortly be given in a West End theatre.



MISS PAULINE DORAN.

Won the Girls' Golf Championship (organised by the "Bystander") for the third time in succession on September 16, when she beat Mlle. Aline de Gunzburg, of St. Cloud.



HERR VON HOESCH.

It was announced in Berlin, on September 16, that a number of German diplomatic changes were impending. Among others, Herr von Hoesch, Ambassador in Paris since 1924, was proposed for the London Embassy, vacant since Baron von Neurath became Foreign Minister in the von Papen Cabinet.



THE NEW BOROUGH OF BARNES: LORD ASHCOMBE HANDING OVER THE CHARTER TO THE CHARTER MAYOR, COUNCILLOR FIRMSTON.

On September 14 the new Borough of Barnes celebrated the handing-over by the Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey of the Charter of Incorporation granted by the King. Barnes, Mortlake, and East Sheen are included in the new borough. The chief ceremony of the Charter Day was held on Barnes Common. Lord Ashcombe, the Lord-Lieutenant arrived and inspected a Guard of Honour mounted by the East Surrey Regiment. He then proceeded to the platform, and there handed the Charter of Incorporation to Councillor Firmston, the Charter Mayor, and tendered his formal congratulations.



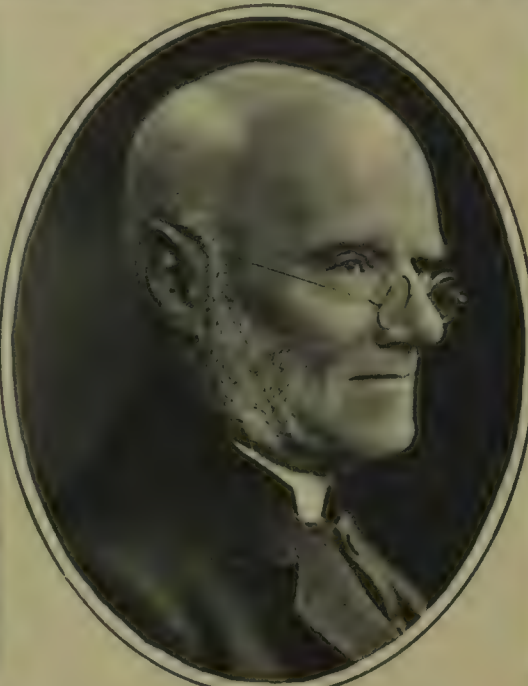
CAPTAIN CYRIL UWINS.

Broke the world's altitude record (previously held by Lieut. A. Soucek, of the U.S. Navy) on September 16, when (subject to official checking) he reached a height of 45,000 feet, and penetrated into the stratosphere. His machine was a Vickers "Vespa" biplane, with a "Pegasus" engine.



MR. ULBRICH, MISS NEWCOMER, AND DR. PISCULLI (L. TO R.), THE MISSING TRANSATLANTIC FLYERS.

It was stated in Rome on September 15 that no news of the aeroplane "American Nurse" (in which Mr. Ulbrich, Miss Newcomer, a nurse, and Dr. Pisculli had left New York on September 13 to fly to Rome) had been received after about 9 o'clock on the previous night, when the machine was reported as having been seen over Sardinia.



THE REV. DR. J. SCOTT LIDGETT.

President of the Conference uniting the three Methodist Churches, which opened at the Royal Albert Hall on September 20. Has been a member of the London School Board since 1897; Alderman of the L.C.C., 1905-1910; Member of the L.C.C. for Rotherhithe, 1910-1922; and Leader of the Progressive Party on the L.C.C., 1918-1928.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE SHELTON, THE ORIGINAL SMEE IN "PETER PAN."

The well-known actor and comedian, who played the part of Smee, the "Nonconformist Pirate," in "Peter Pan" from its first performance in 1904, until his retirement in 1930. Died September 17, aged eighty. For many years associated with the great comedian J. L. Toole, with whom he appeared in a long run of successful plays.

AN ELECTRICAL "FORTH BRIDGE": LINKING THE GIANTS OF THE GRID.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU. DETAILS SUPPLIED BY THE CONTRACTORS, MESSRS. CALLENDER'S CABLE AND CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, LTD.



CARRYING THE CONDUCTORS ACROSS THE THAMES FROM THE 487-FT.-HIGH DAGENHAM TOWER, TO THE TWIN TOWER ON THE KENT SHORE: HOISTING A CABLE FROM THE LIGHTER TO THE TOP OF THE CROSS NESS PYLON.

As we noted in our issue of July 30 last, the scheme of the Central Electricity Board to make this country a land of electric power is well under way. At the end of last week was begun the difficult operation of linking the 487-ft.-high Dagenham Tower, in Essex, with the twin tower at Cross Ness, on the Kent shore; and on the Sunday the seven conductors (or cables), their Essex ends having been passed over the top of the Dagenham Tower and secured to a 105-ft.-high anchor-tower, were laid across the bed of the Thames from drums in a lighter, river traffic being suspended the while. The next task was to hoist the Kent ends of the conductors over the Cross Ness Tower

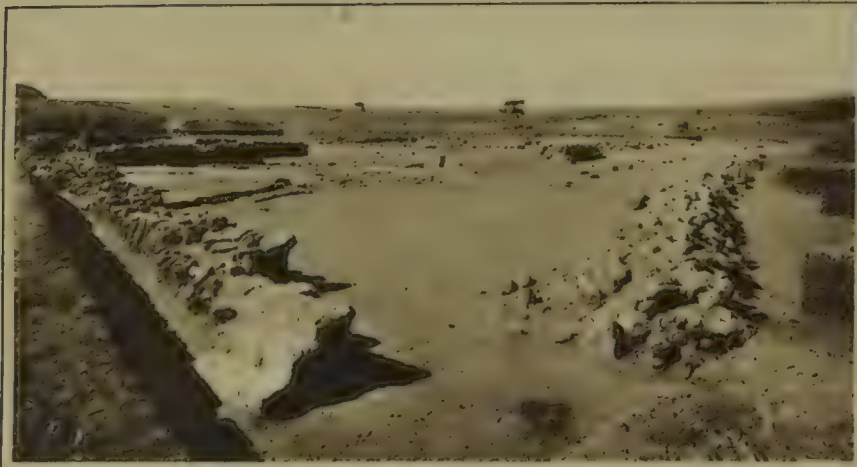
and anchor them; and then so to raise the cables that at their lowest point they would be not less than 250 ft. above high-water level, to provide proper clearance for shipping. The achievement as a whole ranks as a great British triumph—the main contractors were the famous Callender's Cable and Construction Company—and it has been called "an electrical parallel to the Forth Bridge." The seven conductors consist of two three-wire 132,000-volt circuits and one earth-wire. The weight of each length of conductor is 6 tons (i.e., 42 tons of wire hang between the two towers). The span between the towers is 3060 ft., and the sag of the conductor is approximately 170 ft.

A TERRA COTTA "CONGREGATION" OF OVER TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO RANGED BEFORE AN ALTAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. ENAR GJERSTAD, LEADER OF THE SWEDISH ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN CYPRUS. (SEE HIS ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON PAGE 454, AND PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 455 AND 456.)



SUGGESTING RANKED WORSHIPPERS: ARCHAIC VOTIVE STATUES AS UNEARTHED AT THE VILLAGE OF AJIA IRINI: RANGED IN SEMI-CIRCLES IN THE SACRED ENCLOSURE DEVOTED TO AN UNKNOWN GOD—A UNIQUE DISCOVERY IN CYPRUS.



THE SCENE OF THE DISCOVERY: THE SITE OF THE TEMENOS AT AJIA IRINI; SHOWING THE ENTRANCE IN THE FOREGROUND.

AJIA IRINI is a small village in the western part of the north coast of Cyprus. The village priest, Papa Prokopios, while digging in a field belonging to the church, chanced to unearth the upper part of a terra-cotta statue and some smaller terra-cotta sculptures. He brought these finds to the Cyprus Museum. In this way the site became known and could be scientifically examined. Through the courtesy of Sir Ronald Storrs (at that time Governor of Cyprus), the Inspector of Antiquities, and the Cyprus Museum authorities, the Swedish Archaeological Expedition which had been working in Cyprus since 1927, was entrusted with the excavation.

From the priest's find of the votive terra-cotta sculptures, it was evident that the site contained remains of a cult-place, and the excavations proved that the history of the cult dated back to the end of the Bronze Age, about 1200 B.C. At that time the cult-place consisted of an open area, with a row of houses built around it. Most of the rooms of these houses served as store-rooms and living-rooms for the priests. In two of the rooms, which were the proper cult-rooms, remains of the sacred requisites were found: a couple of stone sacrificial and libation tables, some cult-axes of the same material, carbonised stones of olives, which were once brought as votive offerings, a terra-cotta votive statuette of a bull, and several terra-cotta libation vases. The cult performed here was identical with that in the cult-place on the Acropolis of Idalion, already described in *The Illustrated London News* in 1928: it was a typical "house-cult," and a cult of fertility whose God was thought of in the shape of a bull.

At the beginning of the Iron Age, about 1000 B.C., the character of the cult-place was entirely changed. The houses that surrounded the open space in the middle were covered with debris of earth, forming an encircling wall, and inside this wall a small, low altar was built of rough stones as a central point of the sacred open, but enclosed, area: the temenos. This change must be understood in connection with the great historical events and disturbing migrations of peoples (colonisation by the Greeks) through which Cyprus passed from the Bronze Age to the Iron Age. But in spite of this change of the cult-place, it seems that the cult itself remained practically unaltered; the God was still thought of in the shape of a bull, as is shown by votive statuette of bulls which we found in the temenos. This cult-place of the Early Iron Age dates from about 1000 B.C. to 700 B.C.—i.e., the so-called Geometrical Period.

About 700 B.C. there was another change in the temenos, but not so radical. The earth-wall was still in use, but a new altar, in the shape of a square pillar, was built instead of the old one. Among the votive offerings found in this new temenos were some terra-cotta statuettes representing men and minotaurs—i.e., half-man and half-bull. Both in the cult and in the art the idea of man begins to appear.

About 600 B.C., or some decades earlier, there is a third, and more thorough, change of the temenos, which at that time was considerably enlarged: the earth-wall was demolished, and a new encircling wall of rough stones was erected around the new temenos. The pillar-altar of the earlier period was preserved. Close to the altar two small rectangular rooms were found. The walls, of rough stones, are preserved up to a height of about one metre above the floor-level of the temenos. There is nothing to indicate that they had been higher, and there were no traces of upper brick walls or the like. It is necessary, therefore, to suppose that these rooms had no roofs. What were they used for? It was observed during the excavations that the earth inside these rooms was dark, mouldy, of a composition quite different from that of the debris outside. Now, it is an interesting fact that in representations of Minoan cult-places engraved on seals, which show great similarities to that of Ajia

This temenos dates from the early Archaic Period (c. 600-525 B.C.) Among the rich votive offerings, sculptures are most numerous and important. They are nearly all of terra-cotta, and vary in size from statuettes of about 20 cm. in height to life-size statues. Some 2000 sculptures were found, all of them approximately *in situ*: a unique discovery. They had been placed round the altar in a wide semi-circle, and arranged in concentric rows, so that the statuettes were placed nearest the altar, the smaller statues behind the statuettes, and the life-size statues farther back, forming the background of the mass of sculptures. Apart from the sculptures, the votive offerings consisted of scarab-seals, metal objects, and terra-cotta vases, etc. Who was the God to whom all these votive offerings were made? We do not know his name, as no inscriptions were found. Furthermore, no cult-statue representing the God existed; the cult was aniconic, without images. The character and the nature of the God, however, are clear. The cult-object was an oval stone found close to the altar, where it had been placed. It is well known that the stone played an important part in the cult of fertility; the trees associated with the God, and the fact that he was conceived in the shape of a bull, which was a

A CYPRIOTE MYSTERY:

A UNIQUE DISCOVERY OF ARCHAIC SCULPTURE ON THE SITE OF A SACRED ENCLOSURE.

By DR. EINAR GJERSTAD, Leader of the Swedish Archaeological Expedition in Cyprus. (See Illustrations Opposite and on Pages 452-453 and 456.)

Irini, there is an enclosure with two sacred trees depicted close to the altar. It seems, therefore, most probable that two sacred trees had been planted within these enclosures in Ajia Irini; and that would, of course, explain the difference in the composition of the earths within and without these enclosures.

representative of the power of fertility in the belief of many peoples—all these conditions point in the same direction; *viz.*, that he was a God of fertility.

At about 525 B.C. the temenos was partly destroyed by the flood of heavy winter rains, which covered it with sand and gravel and half-buried the votive sculptures. After this catastrophe the temenos was again brought into use. The floor-level was only raised up to the level of the overlying sand, and the earlier statues were left where they stood, buried in the sand up to the knees or the waist. The pious people did not dare to touch them. On the raised floor-level new votive sculptures were placed in a



VOTIVE SCULPTURES AS RANGED BEFORE THE ALTAR (SEE DOUBLE-PAGE PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGES 452 AND 453): A BACK VIEW OF THEM.

manner similar to that adopted for the earlier ones. This temenos dates from the late Archaic Period (c. 525-450), when it was completely destroyed by another winter flood, which buried it with sand and gravel. After this new catastrophe it was not restored to its former condition, but abandoned.

Thanks to the fact that continuous series of sculptures from successive periods were found separated from each other on the different levels of the successively raised floor of the temenos, the study of Cypriote art history, as represented by its early sculptures, can now be based on an archaeologically safe foundation: we can now deduce the development of the Cypriote sculpture from its beginning in the Geometrical Period to its first flourishing in the Early Archaic Period, and its maturity in the Late Archaic.

And the history of the Cypriote sculpture of the Archaic Period is the history of the Cypriote culture of the same period. Furthermore, when we realise that the importance of Cyprus in the history of culture consists first and foremost in the islands forming a connecting link between Oriental and Greek cultures—above all, during the Archaic Period—and that one of the primary tasks of Greek archaeology is to enquire into and ascertain the inter-relation and mutual influence of these cultures, it is obvious that a study of the character and development in Cypriote Archaic culture, as revealed by the sculptures of Ajia Irini, forms a very important contributory factor of the study of both Greek and Oriental culture. It may be assumed that the excavations of Ajia Irini will contribute materially to our knowledge of both these cultures.



A LIFE-SIZE TERRA-COTTA STATUE (LATEST STYLE) WITH A CYPRIOTE OF AVERAGE HEIGHT.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY IN CYPRUS: UNIQUE VOTIVE FIGURES UNEARTHED.



A WARRIOR WEARING A CONICAL HELMET—IN TERRA-COTTA AND WITH SIGNS OF PAINT: ONE OF THE EARLIER-STYLE SCULPTURES FOUND BEFORE THE ALTAR AT AJIA IRINI. (SEE DOUBLE-PAGE PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGES 452—453.)



A WARRIOR—IN TERRA-COTTA: THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE LIFE-SIZE STATUES (EARLIER STYLE) FOUND BEFORE THE ALTAR AT AJIA IRINI.



A MAN WORSHIPPING: A LIFE-SIZE, LATER-STYLE, TERRA-COTTA STATUE FOUND BEFORE THE ALTAR IN THE TEMENOS EXCAVATED AT AJIA IRINI, IN CYPRUS. (SEE DOUBLE-PAGE PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGES 452-453.)



ANOTHER HELMETED FIGURE: A LIFE-SIZE STATUE IN TERRA-COTTA; WITH SIGNS OF PAINT UPON IT.



A PAINTED FIGURE OF THE LATER STYLE—IN TERRA-COTTA, LIKE MOST OF ITS FELLOWS.



A NEGRO SCULPTURED IN STONE; A RARITY, IN THAT MOST OF THE FIGURES ARE IN TERRA-COTTA.

Here are shown in detail certain of the remarkable sculptures found in the Temenos at Ajia Irini by the Swedish Archæological Expedition in Cyprus. Concerning their discovery, Dr. Einar Gjerstad has written: "Among the rich votive offerings, sculptures are most numerous and important. They are nearly all of terra-cotta, and vary in size from statuettes of about 20 cm. in height to life-size statues. Some 2000 sculptures were found, all of them approximately *in situ*: a unique discovery.

the statuettes were placed nearest the altar, the smaller statues behind the statuettes, and the life-size statues farther back, forming the background of the mass of sculptures. (See the double-page photograph on pages 452—453.) Apart from the sculptures, the votive offerings consisted of scarab-seals, metal objects, and terra-cotta vases, etc."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. EINAR GJERSTAD, LEADER OF THE SWEDISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN CYPRUS. (SEE HIS ARTICLE OPPOSITE AND PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 452, 453, AND 456.)

THE GREAT DISCOVERY IN CYPRUS: CULT-OBJECT AND OFFERINGS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. EINAR GJERSTAD, LEADER OF THE SWEDISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION IN CYPRUS. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 454, AND PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGES 452, 453 AND 455.)



THE ALTAR WITH THE CULT-OBJECT—AN OVAL STONE; ONE OF THE SIGNS THAT THE DEITY WORSHIPPED IN THE TEMENOS EXCAVATED AT AJIA IRINI WAS A GOD OF FERTILITY.



A CHARIOT WITH WARRIORS: A VOTIVE OFFERING FOUND ON THE SITE OF THE SACRED ENCLOSURE—ONE OF SOME TWO THOUSAND.



"IN THE CULT . . . THE IDEA OF MAN BEGINS TO APPEAR": A MINOTAUR—IN TERRA-COTTA. (C. 700 B.C.)

WE do not know the name of the god who was worshipped in the temenos excavated at the village of Ajia Irini: no inscriptions have been found, and no cult-statue of him seems to have existed. Nevertheless, his character and nature are evident. In the article on page 454, Dr. Gjerstad points out that the cult-object was an oval stone found close to the altar, and that it is well known that the stone played an important part in the cult of fertility. From this, in conjunction with other signs, including the fact that the god was thought of in the shape of a bull and the association of a votive statuette of a bull, he deduces that the god was a God of Fertility.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THROUGH that system of cerebral cross-references known as the association of ideas, a book about an Afghan King has sent me wandering in imagination on the Victoria Embankment. For me the Embankment is a place of many memories. I do not mean that I was ever among its nocturnal habitués—though it may come to that in the end—but for over three decades, as it happens, my occupation, and once for a time my abode, has been what the Americans call "nearby." It was somewhere between Waterloo Bridge and Westminster, in the year 1897, that, looking down on the turbid face of Father Thames, I addressed a companion in such sort as to change my own course, and make me, in due season, the founder of a suburban family. I remember about that time, by the way, a curious little incident that seemed to contain the germ of a dramatic story. We were strolling along the Embankment one night when an agitated young man in evening dress ran up and asked: "Have you seen a lady in a pink blouse?" We had not. For all we knew she might have been at the bottom of the river. We never heard any sequel, but it seemed that we might have touched the fringe of a tragedy.

From one side or other of the Embankment, again, I have watched many public processions—royal progresses, funerals, the return of Cobham in his seaplane, and many a Lord Mayor's Show. Once, indeed, as a Volunteer during the war, I even marched along it myself in a revival of that civic pageant. It was an experience almost as unexpected as lately finding myself included in a volume entitled "Principal Poets of the World," along with Dr. Marie Stopes (among others), but omitting such minor lights as Kipling, Watson, Masefield, *et id genus omne*! Had the choice of title or contents been mine, I must confess I should have been disposed to mention them incidentally. This little affair, however, screamingly funny as it is to me, and a cause of much ribald mirth in the afore-said suburban family, is quite aside from the subject to which I am endeavouring to lead up.

It was in the year 1928 that, during the luncheon hour, I stood amid a crowd beside the Temple Station, on the Embankment, to see the King and Queen of Afghanistan pass the streets of London, much as one of the principal poets of the Roman world might have stood, jostled by the plebeian multitude—

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.

I remember thinking it rather strange that the British public should acclaim with such enthusiasm a dusky potentate who, but a few years previously, had made war upon our Indian frontier; not but what probably most of those present had forgotten the fact, if they were ever aware of it. The British public is not very strong on history. This incident has been vividly recalled to my mind in reading "AMANULLAH." Ex-King of Afghanistan. By Roland Wild, late Special Correspondent for the *Daily Mail*. With twenty-six Illustrations (Hurst and Blackett; 2s. 6d.). Here the tale of that wonderful visit to Europe is told in the light of after events which at the time, of course, were totally unforeseen.

Among exiled monarchs of recent years, Amanullah is exceptional. Most of them were sent on their travels, as a result of the war, because they stood for the forces of reaction. His downfall, on the contrary, was due to other causes, and he was expelled for being too progressive. He is rather to be counted among those impatient reformers—

Expecting all things in an hour.

In his impetuous effort to civilise a semi-barbarous and intensely conservative race, he made a meteoric flight across the political firmament and met the usual fate of meteors. He will live in history, perhaps, as the king who lost his throne because he was, in a sense, more democratic than Demos. If he can so far submerge his personal ambition in his patriotism, he has the consolation of watching, from his Italian retreat, the reforms which he began too abruptly being consummated by degrees under a more wary and diplomatic successor. Before that could happen, however, his precipitate innovations provoked an outburst

of savagery, and all his dreams went up like smoke in an orgy of blood and fire.

Mr. Wild has had an adventurous and romantic story to tell, and he has told it with all his might; that is, with all the spell-binding qualities of the practised special correspondent. His book is picturesque, dramatic, humorous on due occasion, and throughout eminently readable. I have called it a story with deliberate intent, because that word expresses the journalistic method. To the newspaper man, everything is a "story," whether it be a historical occasion, a scientific discovery, or an interview with an actress. So long as he produces a brisk and snappy narrative, there is no need to bother much about such things as references or the relative weight of various authorities. I am not calling in question any of the author's facts, or throwing the least doubt on the authenticity of his work. I merely point out that he treats the whole of Amanullah's career in exactly the same manner, relating the King's early life and aspirations, as well as his reflections in exile, with the "omniscience" of the novelist as to his hero's thoughts and motives, and the same assurance of full knowledge with which he describes events that came actually under his own observation. It does not seem to occur to him that his readers might like to be told the sources and materials on which he based his account of things which he could not know at first hand. That sort of information is not provided for newspaper-readers, so why worry about it, as long as the "story" reads well? The book public,

apart, however, he points out that, generally speaking, in the Middle East "one may wander as freely as in most of Europe," on given lines, and his book is intended for those who travel for pleasure. For the present political trend of these regions, and their probable future, he has no great admiration.

Readers who look in Mr. Reitlinger's pages for transports of delight over the "romance" of ancient cities or exotic personages will be disappointed. His outlook is mainly satirical, both regarding towns and their inhabitants. "Have the Persians," he asks, "anything at all behind their superficial charm?" And he goes on to describe a typical modern youth of Teheran. "He has . . . spent a few weeks in a boarding-house in Westbourne Grove, on which account he considers the British Empire fast breaking up, and tells me so every day. . . . His philosophy of life goes no further than the seller of horse-collars in the Shiraz bazaar, the tightest and greediest bazaar in Persia. . . . An easy-going cynicism, familiar in Mediterranean countries, points out readily the hard cash motive behind every humanely conceived plan, simply because it has never found any other itself. This mind, incapable of ideals, irreligious through laziness more than reasoning, has its mob enthusiasms and bellicose braggings that would not take in a schoolboy." From all which it is manifest that this traveller is out to tell the truth, as he saw it, with candid sincerity, and not to scatter indiscriminate compliments.

The value of a book is not to be measured by its size or price. Authoritative knowledge and wise judgment, on an important Eastern problem, are combined within thirty-two pages in "THE INDIAN PEASANT." By the Marquess of Linlithgow. With a Foreword by Lord Irwin (Faber; 1s.)—a new addition to the well-known series of Criterion Miscellanies. As Chairman of the Royal Commission on Agriculture in India, the author has given his name to the much-quoted "Linlithgow" Report, and this brief survey therefore commands respectful attention. He reminds us that "226 out of 244 millions of people in India live a rural life; and the proportion of these who ever give a thought to matters beyond the horizon of their villages is very small." Lord Linlithgow concludes with a charming word-picture of a typical Indian village, and of the wild animal life surrounding it, with allusions to Jungle Book characters, and asks us to think kindly of the peasantry, "for they are very gallant gentlemen."

Another Eastern land now much in the limelight is represented on my list by a book dealing not with politics, but the culinary art. That there is "something Chinese

about Mrs. Beeton," who might have been even more voluminous had she lived in the Celestial realm, is suggested by the author of "STRANGE NEWS FROM CHINA." A First Chinese Cookery Book. By Townley Searle. With 101 rare and choice Chinese Recipes, and Decorations by the Author (Alexander Ouseley; 6s.). This amusing work is far from Beetonian, either in bulk or style. It is the most whimsical cookery-book I have ever encountered, abounding in lively comments and curious anecdotes, which, with introductory chapters, occupy more space than the recipes. Incidentally, there is much surprising information about Chinese restaurants in London, and tribute is paid to the skill and cleanliness of the Chinese cook. None of his dishes, however, can exceed in piquant flavour the words of a Chinese beggar, who sidled up to the author outside one of these restaurants, murrining: "Life very bad—No money—No chop-suey—Me kill." A common point of view, no doubt, especially on the Embankment, but seldom so quaintly and pithily expressed.

If the literary menu this week is somewhat restricted, I can only plead the old excuse—the woman (on this occasion a moon-goddess) tempted me to forsake my books for a whole glamorous evening. I was constrained to watch, through the family telescope as well as the naked eye, Selene being gradually enfolded in the sleepy arms of Endymion, represented by the shadow of the Earth. These eclipses are rather demoralising to indolent reviewers with a taste for star-gazing. C. E. B.



"RICHMOND PALACE": A MOST INTERESTING PICTURE WHICH IS PROBABLY THE WORK OF DAVID VINCKENBOONS (1578—1629).

Concerning this very interesting picture, an expert writes: "There is another view of the Palace, somewhat similar but from a different angle, in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. In the illustrated catalogue this picture is called Flemish School, but in Col. Grant's book on landscape painters it is attributed to D. Vinckenboons (1578—1629). It is likely that the work illustrated above is from the same hand as that responsible for the picture in the Fitzwilliam." David Vinckenboons was born in Malines and died in Amsterdam. It need hardly be added that Richmond Palace housed many famous people. Edward I. and Edward II. used it as a residence. Edward III., who rebuilt it, died in it. Richard II. lived in it, and then ordered its demolition; Anne, his Queen, died in it. Henry V. rebuilt it. Henry VII. restored it after it had been ravaged by fire in 1498, ordered the village to be called Richmond, and died in the Palace. Henry VIII. gave it to Wolsey to reside in after that priest-courtier had presented him with Hampton Court. Later it knew Queen Elizabeth; and various royalties were in occupation of it until the days of George II. Then its great career ended. Lord Cholmondeley was the last eighteenth-century resident.

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however, is rather more exacting; it likes a certain amount of "documentation."

When the author enters upon the scene in his own person, about half-way through the book, his experiences naturally provide the most vivid and interesting chapters. One admires also his enterprise and pushfulness; first, in getting over the frontier in the face of official obstacles; then in posting back 700 miles to despatch his account of Kabul's fantastic Independence Day and his prediction of the coming catastrophe; and, finally, after it had all happened, in surreptitiously boarding the train carrying through India the fallen King's brother, Inayatullah. It was quite in the Northcliffe tradition, and the record is a brilliant and sustained effort in descriptive reporting.

Perhaps one reason why Amanullah's present successor has achieved greater stability is the historic prestige of his name. A passing allusion to "the Afghan empire of Nadir Shah in Persia and India" occurs in an excellent travel-book entitled "A TOWER OF SKULLS." A Journey through Persia and Turkish Armenia. By Gerald Reitlinger. With twenty-five Illustrations and a Map (Duckworth; 18s.). The author has a vivid and incisive style, a shrewd estimation of individual character and of social conditions, as affecting international affairs, and an ironic humour, which survives such vicissitudes as imprisonment at Kars and other unpleasant experiences of a like nature, involving much discomfort and hardship. These incidents



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE TULIP-TREE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IN the course of this wonderful summer it has been my good fortune to explore some very fine gardens, whose spaciousness gave a delicious sense of rest; no matter where one turned, there were either trees of magnificent proportions or gorgeous herbaceous borders glowing with colour, such as gave rise to a constant succession of fat sighs of contentment and left one, afterwards, with a sense of satisfaction more sustaining even than a good dinner! One felt that the word "enjoyment" had gained a new and fuller meaning.

Trees always fascinate me. Before a big tree I feel a sense of reverential awe. Some I have seen have stood where I found them for perhaps a thousand years. They have seen English history in the making; they have given joy to generations of men, and added to the splendour of great estates, which I trust will maintain their integrity for the uplifting of generations yet unborn. I can rarely understand how anyone can bring himself to play the rôle of the destroying angel, and cut down a tree before its time. For it may take hundreds of years before another of like proportions can fill its place. But just now I am thinking more especially of two kinds of trees which have impressed me greatly, though neither possessed the glamour of old age such as I have just referred to. These are the ginkgo-tree and the tulip-tree.



1. THE CURIOUS LEAVES OF THE TULIP-TREE, WHICH, AFTER HAVING BECOME EXTINCT IN GREAT BRITAIN IN THE DIM PAST, HAS BEEN REINTRODUCED ON MANY OF OUR GREAT ESTATES: A SMALL TWIG OF THE TREE; WITH A HALF-OPENED FLOWER AT THE TOP.

Though now, to all intents and purposes, confined to China and North America, this tree flourished all over Europe during mid-Cretaceous times and later. What brought about its extermination here and determined its present curiously disconnected range is not known. An old name for the tree was "saddle-tree," or "saddle-leaf"; in reference to the shape of the leaf.

The first of these two afforded me a theme for this page quite recently. Of the tulip-tree I want to say something now. Both of these are comparatively recent importations. But they are not newcomers, after all, for these two grew here thousands and thousands of years ago, and then, for some unknown reason, became extinct—crowded out, perhaps, by newcomers like the oak and beech. Even these, however, are surrounded by a halo of hoary antiquity, for their race has possessed the soil for whole geological epochs. But that is another story.

Let me now return to the tulip-tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*). The finest I have yet seen stood in isolated magnificence on the lawn at Leonardslee, the estate of the late Sir Edmund Loder, who planted it. What a joy it would have been to him to-day!

The subjoined photograph, to my great disappointment, lacks the sharpness which a good photograph should have. But this I cannot help, for the wind kept the leaves in constant motion. But its general form and proportions are readily apparent. Others, and close rivals in point of size, were those I found in the glorious park of Lord Knutsford. These, however, lost something of their impressiveness because they were not isolated. Yet they were magnificent specimens of their kind, and a joy to behold. I feel the better for having seen them, and I hope to see both these and that at Leonardslee again, for they have raised new problems in my mind which I should like to explore further.

What exactly, I may be asked, is the point of interest which the tulip-tree presents? The answer to such a question depends upon whether one is interested merely from the point of view of the systematic botanist, or from that wider horizon which concerns its appearance in Time and its geographical distribution. To me this is the more interesting. It is, however, extremely difficult to express Time in terms of geological sequence. To say that the magnolias, including *Liriodendron*, first appear in mid-Cretaceous times—though any day fossil remains of a yet earlier date may be discovered—is not very illuminating to most people. How can it be otherwise?—for when we enter into geological Time we are entering another "Universe of Discourse," familiar only to geologists and the student of fossils, plant and animal. Some conception may be formed of the immense period of time which separates us from this "mid-Cretaceous" age if one says that it represents hundreds of thousands of years. The Alps and the Himalayas had not yet come into being. Vast forests then covered the earth, and trees of modern type were already in being, such as the magnolias, oaks, walnut, willow, poplar, and beech. But no elms have yet been found belonging to this period. And what is still more impressive is the fact that Man, the destroying angel, had not yet made his appearance. The forests were to enjoy a few more hundreds of thousands of years in peace, before he should start his ravages by fire and axe, ending at last in fatuous felling to make room for prospective settlers where as yet no settlers had come, as in New Zealand. The tulip-tree in those far-off days flourished in various parts of Europe. To-day, in a wild state, it is found only in China and North America. What has brought about this restriction?

There is another curious thing about this tree, and that is its association with an alligator. The tulip-tree by the river-bank in that far-distant Europe may have afforded shade to sleeping alligators, just as it may do to-day in China or on the banks of the Mississippi. To-day we have neither alligators nor tulip-trees, save such as are cultivated in gardens.

The curiously truncated and notched tips of the leaves of this tree enable it to be recognised at a glance. This peculiarity is well shown in Fig. 1. And these leaves are still further noteworthy for the fact that while in the bud they are enclosed, as in a greenhouse,

between two conspicuously large covering-plates, or "stipules," which shelter them against wind and sun. Soon after the leaf emerges, however, these stipules drop off, leaving a scar at the base of the leaf. The flower (Fig. 3) closely resembles that of its near relation, the magnolia. And the long anthers, which form a sort of tassel around the pistil, share with the plantains, thalictrum, vine, and magnolia the peculiarity of a singular mechanism whereby they open and close periodically to release the pollen. There are very few plants in which this is to be found. The pollen-grains are also peculiar, in that they have but one groove, for in some plants there may be as many as twenty. The precise function of these is somewhat obscure.

Finally, since the tulip-tree produces a valuable timber, I am wondering whether it would not be worth while for those responsible for our re-afforestation scheme to add this to the woods they are planting. In the south-eastern United States this tree attains to a height of 200 feet. The adjoining photograph shows the tulip-tree at Leonardslee. Unfortunately, as I have said, the movement of the leaves by the wind has blurred the details, but it gives an idea of its fine proportions.



2. THE TULIP-TREE AT LEONARDSLEE, SUSSEX: A FINE ORNAMENT TO A SPACIOUS ESTATE WHICH IS RECKONED TO STAND 107 FT. HIGH, AND TO MEASURE 12 FT. IN GIRTH.

The writer of the article on this page commends the tulip-tree to the notice of the authorities in charge of the re-afforestation of our islands. For, besides being an impressive ornament to an estate, it furnishes very valuable timber.



3. THE INGENIOUS "MECHANISM" EVOLVED BY THE TULIP-TREE FOR DISTRIBUTING ITS POLLEN: A FLOWER WITH ITS LONG ANTERS FORMING A CONSPICUOUS "TASSEL," WHICH OPENS AND CLOSES PERIODICALLY AND RELEASES THE POLLEN.

The flower, it will be observed, closely resembles that of the magnolia, though its scent is less powerful. The tulip-tree is a near relation of the magnolia.

The Summer Glory of the Garden.



IN PERFECT BLOOM: PERCOLAS OF CLIMBING ROSES—(LEFT) EXCELSA AND DOROTHY PERKINS; (RIGHT) AMERICAN PILLAR; WITH A HORSE-SHOE BED OF ORLEANS ROSES ON THE LAWN, AND (FOREGROUND) A GROUP OF CAROLINE TESTOUT ROSES.



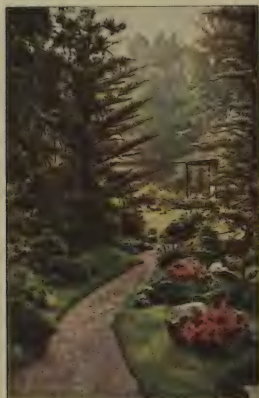
"BEDS OF ROSES": ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN, WITH A PAUL'S SCARLET CLIMBER (RIGHT), AND GRASS BORDERS INSTEAD OF BOX.

The beautiful rose-garden shown above is that of Mme. Jenny Sacerdote, at Château l'Évêque, in Dordogne. Other colour photographs of French gardens, taken during the past summer, appear on the succeeding double-page.

THE SUMMER GLORY OF THE GARDEN IN ITS MOST ENTRANCING FORMS.



A CEDAR WALK, WITH JAPANESE AZALEAS IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND; PART OF M. KAHN'S JAPANESE GARDEN AT BOULOGNE-SUR-SEINE.



THE APPROACH TO A JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE SET IN A EUROPEAN GARDEN; A BEAUTIFUL PATH, IN M. KAHN'S GROUNDS AT BOULOGNE-SUR-SEINE.



AZALEAS AND ROCK-PLANTS IN M. KAHN'S JAPANESE GARDEN AT BOULOGNE-SUR-SEINE: A FLOWER-BORDERED PATHWAY AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) A GROVE OF CEDARS.



A SUPERBLY DECORATIVE FLOWERING TREE FESTOONED WITH LILAC-COLOURED BLOSSOMS IN CLUSTERS RESEMBLING BUNCHES OF GRAPES: A CHINESE GLYCINE FORMING A UNIQUE ARBOUR IN THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA IUVNES, BELONGING TO THE DUCHESSE DE NOAILLES, AT CANNES.



A GEM OF LANDSCAPE-GARDENING IN PROVENCE: THE ENQUISSE ROCK-POOL AT THE CHÂTEAU AT THÉOULE-SUR-MER, OWNED BY M. LELAND DE LANGLEY.—A VIEW SHOWING (IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND ABOVE) THE BEGINNING OF THE FLOWERED STAIRWAY ILLUSTRATED IN OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 13.

We publish here, to show the beauty of the garden in a variety of alluring forms, a collection of colour photographs, taken during the past summer, of some particularly fine examples of horticulture in France.

FLOWERS IN FULL BLAZE OF COLOUR AMID FOLIAGE AND ROCK-WORK.



EASTERN HORTICULTURE PRACTISED IN EUROPE: GLYCINES AND MAPLES (FORTY YEARS OLD) AT THE ENTRANCE OF M. KAHN'S JAPANESE GARDEN AT BOULOGNE-SUR-SEINE.



A "ROCKERY" ON THE GRAND SCALE: M. CORREVO'S ALPINE GARDEN AT THE CHÂLET "FLORAIRE," NEAR GENEVA—MOUNTAIN-PINKS RED, ROSE, AND WHITE; YELLOW BROOM FROM THE PYRENEES; AND BLUE CAMPANULAS FROM MT. GARGANO.

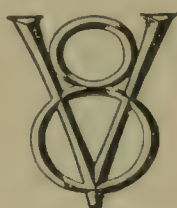


A BLAZE OF COLOUR: ORANGE GILLIFLOWERS, YELLOW *ALYSSUM CITRINUM*, MAUVE GILLET'S DU DAUPHIN CARNATIONS, AND BLUE ALPINE PANSIES ("FLORAIRE" VARIETY); ANOTHER PART OF M. CORREVO'S GARDEN.

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The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

SPEED AND A NEW "THRILLER."

IN a recent interview, Mr. Erich Pommer is reported as having stated that a clever director can turn any material into a good picture, even a story that might emerge from less capable hands as trite and commonplace. Though the point is open to argument, and is directly opposed to the opinion of those participants in the popular occupation of doctoring the kinema, whose prescription is labelled: "Give us good stories," a survey of successful films undoubtedly allocates the final honours to the director. The advance of British films, for instance, is not wholly a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, of better

Lifted from the well-known novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, "The Lodger" belongs to the genus "mystery thriller." It is an echo of the "Jack the Ripper" crimes, or, if you will, a forecast of the Düsseldorf murders. A good story of its kind, with kinematic possibilities that have been pressed into service once before in silent form, it owes its distinction and its arresting quality—at least as regards screen-fare—to its clever direction. Fundamentally, its chief claim to originality lies in its exploitation of the Red Herring, a young Russian who arrives out of the night to lodge somewhere in Paddington. Now, Paddington has no other topic of conversation at the moment than the series

of murders which are terrorising the town. Suspicion gradually spins a web round the mysterious lodger, who strengthens its meshes by his every word, his midnight excursions, his whole personality. The solution is melodramatic. But Mr. Elvey has given the story a stamp of authenticity by his cameos of commonplace life. The gossip of the telephone exchange where pretty Daisy Bunting works; the anxieties of the landlady, Mrs. Bunting; the conversational contributions of Mr. Bunting (his sole contributions, by the way, to the struggling household) between his pilgrimages to the adjacent public-house, swell the mounting tide of evidence. The fog-invaded Park, mean streets, a sharply shadowed staircase, even the comfortable saloon-bar, acquire an eeriness that grows to an amazing degree of suspense. The director keeps his camera moving, and the small coin of everyday talk is exchanged with a rapidity that whips it into life. This effect of speed has an immense value in lifting the figure of the lodger into sinister prominence without the necessity of over-emphasis on the part of Mr. Ivor Novello, whose interesting portrayal is kept well in hand. The "comic relief" rests with Mr. A. W. Baskcomb. His wholly natural characterisation of the easy-going Mr. Bunting creates a new standard

of quiet, unforced humour. He never raises his voice, never pauses to make a point; yet he manages to be irresistibly funny. Miss Elizabeth Allan, has, to my mind, never done anything more sincere and true to life than the characterisation of an inconspicuous little Londoner. She, too, gains immeasurably from the swift and suave direction of Mr. Maurice Elvey.

"IGLOO."

The more I listen to commentary, the less satisfactory do I find it as an accompaniment to silent drama, even

production, an aspect, moreover, with which Mr. Scott probably had nothing to do. Nor is the "narrator," as Mr. Gayne Whitman is described on the programme, unduly obtrusive as commentators go. But the rising inflections of enthusiasm, the downward plunge to a suitable yet disconcerting pathos, the clichés of hope, apprehension, despair that seem to be inseparable from the average commentary—Mr. Whitman's is, one is glad to note, innocent of facetiousness—undermine the co-operation of the onlooker's imagination and create an "atmospheric disturbance." The rather fine simplicity of "Igloo," both in its fiction and its facts, needed no more than an explanatory word, or even caption, here and there. Its most poignant moment, arising from the primitive necessities of a people continually confronted with the spectre of starvation, and thereby forced to uphold the ancient law of the survival of the fittest, gains nothing from the sympathetic melancholy of the narrator's amplifications. When the speaker yields to the voices of the elements, the fierceness of the blizzard, the grind and crash of the ice-



"THE LODGER" AS A "TALKIE": MICHAEL ANGELOFF (IVOR NOVELLO; ON RIGHT) IN A TIGHT CORNER.

As Michael Orme notes on this page, "The Lodger," a screen-play founded on Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' famous thriller of the same name, will be presented in London before long. A silent version was produced some years ago, and Ivor Novello made an outstanding success in it. The new adaptation is a "talkie"—also with Ivor Novello. In the silent version "June" played the part now taken by Elizabeth Allan.—[Photograph by Courtesy of Twickenham Film Studios.]

camera-work and new "stars." Rather is it due to the growing awareness of our directors, a definite perception of past mistakes, a surer technique, and a greater visual audacity which finds its impetus in the best of the Continental and American productions. Without René Clair, Pommer, and Lubitsch we might not have had a "Sunshine Susie" or the Hulbert pictures, though we have the comedians. Without the extraordinary "drive" of certain gangster and newspaper dramas sent out from Hollywood, we might not have attained the speed of the new Twickenham Studio's production, "The Lodger," shortly to be presented in London. For in the matter of pace, above all as it affects the actual delivery of lines, our British pictures have been, until very recently—some of them still are—sadly deficient. Dialogue possessing no intrinsic value, functioning merely as a link in and an explanation of the action, is far too often charged with the portentousness and spoken with the slow solemnity of high tragedy, though any actor with stage and screen experience will tell you that the legitimate emphasis, the pauses and eloquent gestures of the theatre are exaggerated by microphone and camera into an unnatural distortion of ordinary parlance and bearing. The margin of artificiality in kinematic farce and musical comedy allows a latitude of which our flexible British humour, in actors as well as in directors, has taken full advantage. But in drama and melodrama a fatal loss of momentum crops up ever and again. It has its roots, I contend, in the mistaken theory that to be impressive it is necessary to be ponderous.

Mr. Maurice Elvey, who directed "The Lodger," has been at obvious pains to avoid this pitfall—a pitfall which he himself has not always wholly escaped. All the more honour to him for placing his finger on the weak spot in British productions and putting his foot down firmly on the accelerator. He has broken right away from the paralysing "dead slow" of the past into a fluent "full speed ahead," with the result that our interest is caught, held, and carried along with never a creak of the machinery to jar our credulity.



"THE LODGER" AS A "TALKIE": DAISY NEARLY FALLS A VICTIM TO THE AVENGER ON A FOGGY NIGHT IN THE PARK—ELIZABETH ALLAN AS DAISY; IVOR NOVELLO AS THE LODGER.

Photograph by Courtesy of Twickenham Film Studios.

when, as in the case of "Igloo," a new picture of the Arctic Circle, romance has been interwoven with the customs and the actual life of a remote people. It seems ungracious to Mr. Ewing Scott, who did his filming in an average temperature of sixty degrees below zero, and has brought back from the inhospitable North much that is interesting, beautiful, and thrilling, to stumble over one aspect of the



"IGLOO," THE ESKIMO SCREEN-PLAY AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE: CHEE-AK AS THE NATIVE HUNTER AND LEADER, WHO IS DESCRIBED AS "THE SHEIK OF THE NORTH."

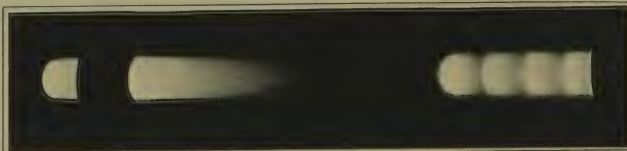
Chee-ak, who, by the way, is the only English-speaking member of the cast of "Igloo," the Universal picture of which he is the star, was born near Candle, Alaska, in December 1908. His father was a prospector, trader, and hunter; his mother, a full-blooded Eskimo. He was educated in the Alaska missionary schools.

Photograph by Courtesy of Universal Pictures.

pack, or to the natural ally of pictorial drama, music, the picture forges ahead.

The naïve love-story of a stalwart young hunter, who seeks out the daughter of a crippled chief of the Nuwuk tribe of Eskimos and heads a perilous trek to the open sea in search of food, suffices as a link in this chronicle of the daily occupations, the interminable struggle for bare existence, and the privations of the long winter months to which the Eskimo presents a stoical front. Snow and ice are grand subjects for the camera, and "Igloo" has its full measure of Arctic splendour. Nor are its homely touches without charm. The fur-lined igloo, where baby seal and puppy dogs are playmates for the youngsters, is a cosy nest when the frozen snow is driving across the barren wastes. Yet those same igloos are transformed into mausoleums for the living dead when the tribe breaks camp, embarking on desperate adventure wherein the lame, the halt, and the aged have no place. Whale- and walrus-hunting, the menace of the breaking ice-pack, shoving forward, rearing, toppling in the wake of puny humanity, sleighs and dogs as they stumble through slush-ice or balance precariously on floes, quicken the pulse with their suggestion of danger and swift action, though repetition sometimes dulls the edge of thrill. The native cast is headed by Chee-ak, who moves with an admirable élan and a long, limber stride round and about his more stolid compatriots. The son of an Alaskan trapper, he has served his apprenticeship in the studios as camera-man, has the physique of an athlete, and obviously knows his business. If, in addition, he possesses an adequate speaking voice, his career should be worth watching. It is not for nothing that he has been nicknamed "the Clark Gable of the North."

THE AURORA BOREALIS AND THE COSMIC RAYS.



A BRILLIANT EXPERIMENT: THE AURORA REPRODUCED IN THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY. The effects of luminous discharge in a vacuum tube are as shown as is photographed in the new laboratory of M. Jean Perrin. On the left of and surrounding the tube is a magnetic coil. The left view shows the coil inactive; the right one shows the coil acting and

ONE OF THE MANY TYPES OF AURORAL PHENOMENA: THE FIRST STAGE OF A "RAY" AURORA, WHICH APPEARS VERY SUDDENLY IN THE SKY.

great interest by Mr. Peter Dole, F.R.S. (Editor, "British Astronomical Association Journal")—a résumé of one which appeared recently in "L'Illustration."

AN interesting double hypothesis has just been advanced by a young French scientist, M. Dauvillier, in explanation of the origin of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, and of the mysterious "Cosmic Rays," about which much has recently been heard in connection with Professor Piccard's wonderful balloon ascent. Early in the present century Lord Rutherford and others found evidences in the earth's atmosphere of a new type of radiation with extraordinary powers of penetrating solid matter. Ordinary light will pass through only a fraction of an inch of opaque material; one can shield one's face from the strongest sunshine with only a sheet of paper or even a thinner screen of metal. The X-rays used in the hospitals have a far stronger penetrating power which enables them to pass through our bodies, so that our bones and other parts can be photographed; but a screen of metal the thickness of a coin stops them completely. The radiation discovered by Lord Rutherford and other physicists can go through as much as five yards of lead, and this is the radiation which has lately been found to come from all parts of the sky—the "Cosmic Rays."

So far there have been, broadly speaking, two rival hypotheses of the origin of these rays. One is that they are due to the annihilation of matter, or, rather, its conversion into radiant energy of extremely short wave-length, following the mutual collision and destruction of an "electron" and a "proton" (Jeans' hypothesis); the other, that they are the consequences of a process of building up of heavier elements out of hydrogen in the depths of space (Millikan's hypothesis). M. Dauvillier's hypothesis is entirely different, and in an article in "L'Illustration" for August 13, by Jean Labadie, there is a description of it, in popular language, of which the following article is a summary. The new double hypothesis also gives an explanation of the Aurora Borealis, which is, however, in agreement with the generally accepted theories for that natural phenomenon. M. Labadie remarks

(Continued in Box 2.)

THE POSSIBLE SCENE OF A THIRD ASCENT BY PROFESSOR PICCARD TO STUDY COSMIC RAYS: AN AURORA IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE MAGNETIC POLE.

that the sudden appearance and disappearance and movements in the sky of Aurora have been artificially reproduced in the laboratory by physicists. If a certain electric voltage is applied to a tube containing a highly rarefied gas, a flow of electrons (the units of negative electricity) proceeds from the cathode or negative pole, the speed of which depends on the voltage of the current employed. During their passage, the electrons by collision dissociate the molecules of the rarefied gas, causing them to lose one or more of their constituent electrons. This is termed "ionisation" of the gas, and is followed by luminescence in the tube, the colours of which depend on the gas employed, the mean tubes of electric signs offering an example of the phenomenon, the colour in that case being red. A tube containing rarefied nitrogen gives a colour in which green predominates; and this green nitrogen ray is found to dominate the light of the Aurora. This is, in effect, the phenomenon which is believed to occur in the high rarefied atmosphere of the Earth at an altitude where nitrogen still is found, the Aurora being thus a similar phenomenon to that which the physicist can reproduce in his laboratory.

The electrons which are responsible for the auroral light are thought to be emitted from the high-temperature surface of the Sun. On arrival at the Earth, they are deviated from their straight paths by the magnetic action of our globe, a colossal magnet of which the compass indicates the North Pole. The resulting paths circle round in the terrestrial magnetic field, and while travelling in this way the electrons pass through the highly rarefied atmosphere, "ionising" it, and so producing the Aurora. This explanation has been almost universally accepted, particularly since the reproduction by the Swedish physicist, Birkeland, of the phenomenon in miniature by means of a small magnetised sphere, representing the Earth, submitted to a stream of electrons. But this had been accepted without the necessary numerical confirmatory calculations, which ought to give the speed of the electrons responsible for the Aurora Borealis, corresponding to the electric voltage causing their movement. M. Dauvillier believes that he has been able to show that the solar electrons concerned are expelled from the bright markings on the surface of the Sun known as the "rice grains," each of which is about five hundred miles in diameter. His calculations indicate that the "electric field" prevailing in these objects is marked by an energy of thousands of millions of volts (ten thousand times as high as the greatest voltages possible in our laboratories), and that the resulting velocity of the electrons is very nearly as great as the speed of light itself. Once the solar electron had attained this speed, it would keep it until it reached the Earth. On meeting the air molecules in the highest atmosphere, two possible results

(Continued in Box 2.)

A THEORY SUGGESTING THEIR COMMON ORIGIN.



CONFIRMATION OF M. DAUVILLIER'S HYPOTHESIS: THE AURORA IN THE LABORATORY. appearing to produce by its magnetic field a sort of structure in luminosity inside the tube. The explanation is that the magnetic field influences the electrons which cause the luminescence in the tube just as the earth's magnetic field influences those which produce the Aurora Borealis.

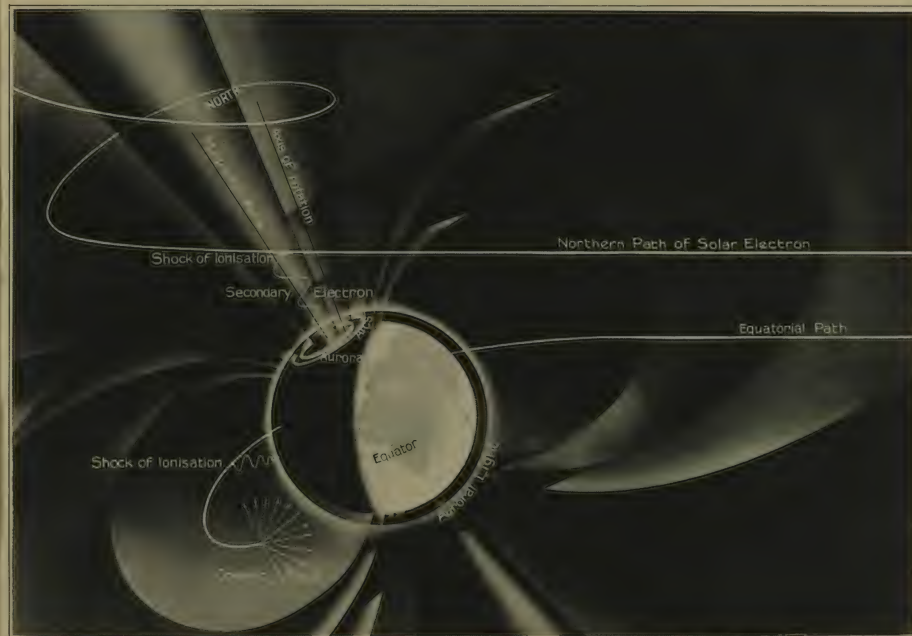
would follow—either a direct collision or a grazing one on the molecules. In the first case the energy of collision will be so great that a very short wave-length ray would burst forth; and this, he considers, is the origin of the Cosmic Rays. Owing to the curvature of path imposed on the solar electron by the Earth's magnetic field, these collisions will occur on all sides of the terrestrial globe, and the resulting Cosmic Rays will come, therefore, from all parts of the sky, even from those opposite to the Sun's direction. It will be possible to check the soundness of this hypothesis by undertaking observations near the Earth's Magnetic Poles; as, if the radiation there is found to be greater, that fact will provide strong support. But it is fair to observe that Professor Millikan has stated that measurements in Canada have not given any indication of greater strength.

In the second case in which the solar electron only grazes on the molecule of air, the effect produced is not less interesting. One or more of the molecule's constituent electrons are pulled out and these "secondary electrons" are acted on by the Earth's magnetic field and brought down towards the Earth's surface to about sixty miles above it, there producing the auroral light by collision with other air-molecules. These displays of Aurora, resembling fairy curtains of light in constant agitation, are, however, only particular and special cases. The general case of the Aurora Borealis is represented by a much more regular phenomenon—the permanent arc of Nordenskiöld, first observed

(Continued in Box 4.)

regularly by that scientist in 1878 on board the "Vega," adrift in the Behring Strait. This is a permanent aureole of the Earth round the terrestrial magnetic pole, with a radius of about 1200 miles and a height of, roughly, sixty miles. It is sometimes seen double, or even triple, and it marks, according to M. Dauvillier, the end of the journey of the "secondary electrons." So long as the flow of electrons from the Sun is uniform, this area remains quiet; but when the Sun is unusually disturbed, the solar electron bombardment increases, and there is a display of Aurora accompanied by a "magnetic storm" which may even interfere with our telegraphic communications. Besides this calm Polar arc, there is also all round the Earth a luminous auroral envelope causing a glow in the sky, greater than can be attributed to the stars, the presence of this general luminosity being shown by the green nitrogen line detected by the spectroscopist. M. Labadie concludes his article by interesting speculation on the possibility of a beneficial effect on terrestrial life of the "Cosmic Rays." He remarks that a Dutch physiologist, M. Zwaardberg, has shown that a chicken's heart, kept beating in an artificial serum, is stopped if the liquid becomes "ionised," but can be started again by the use of X-rays; and he surmises that the much more powerful Cosmic Rays may therefore have a very great vital effect.

FINISHING IN A KIND OF PHOSPHORESCENT LIGHT WHICH GRADUALLY PASSES OUT: THE END OF THE AURORA.



A DIAGRAM SHOWING, ON M. DAUVILLIER'S THEORY, AN EXPLANATION OF THE AURORA BOREALIS AND THE COSMIC RAYS. The earth, which is an enormous magnet, is here shown surrounded by its "magnetic field." The "lines of force" of this field, closing in on themselves, form ideal surfaces of infinite number, at the level of which the "magnetic lines" of the terrestrial magnet coincide everywhere with the surface itself. The electrons emitted by the sun arrive at the highest part of the atmosphere (about 3000 miles high) and travel round in the magnetic field. Their paths travel round in the magnetic field, and graze the surface shown in the figure. Two results follow: (1). A solar electron brushes past a cosmic molecule of the atmosphere, and in doing so, "ionises" it, expelling one or more of its electrons.

These, the secondary electrons, uniformly captured by the earth's magnetic field, descend lower to about 60 miles altitude, where they produce the auroral light which takes the form of permanent arcs, of short-lived aurores, and of diffuse auroral light surrounding the terrestrial globe. (11). The solar electron strikes directly and strongly a terrestrial atmospheric molecule and there results an emission of very "hard" short-wave-length X-rays, which are more other but the "cosmic rays." If the path of the solar electron is in the earth's equatorial region, it can give rise (as shown in the figure) to cosmic rays falling on the side of the earth opposite the sun, so that these rays are found even during the night.

A "CURTAIN" TYPE AURORA, PHOTOGRAPHED AT KORSEK, SWEDEN: THE CLASSIC TYPE OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS; WITH THE DRAPERY, OR CURTAIN, MOVING AT THE BRIDING OF THE SOLAR ELECTRONIC FLOW, AND THE CURVES OF THE DRAPERY SHOWING IN THE SKY SO MANY "TUBES OF FORCE" OF THE TERRESTRIAL MAGNETIC FIELD.

"THAT SINKING FEELING" PREVENTED? BLENNY ON GUARD IN BOTTLES.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOUGLAS P. WILSON, M.Sc., OF THE MARINE BIOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM; SHOWN IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.1.



A MALE BUTTERFLY BLENNY GUARDING EGGS LAID IN A MILK-BOTTLE UNTIL THEY HATCH: A FISH AND ITS NURSERY TRAWLED NEAR PLYMOUTH.

Mr. Douglas P. Wilson, who took all the photographs on this page, notes that the Butterfly Blenny (*Blennius ocellaris*) lives in depths of 15-30 fathoms. The female usually deposits her eggs inside an empty whelk-shell, where they are guarded by the male until they hatch. In

the case illustrated above a milk-bottle has been used. The eggs can be seen attached in a layer inside the bottle. Fish and nursery were taken in a trawl on the fishing grounds near Plymouth—an occurrence which is unlikely to be repeated.



GUARDING EGGS LAID IN A BOVRIL BOTTLE: A MALE BUTTERFLY BLENNY PERFORMING A DOMESTIC DUTY WHICH HE CONTINUED IN THE PLYMOUTH AQUARIUM AFTER HE AND HIS NURSERY HAD BEEN BROUGHT UP IN A TRAWL.

In the case here illustrated, the female blenny laid her eggs in an empty Bovril bottle thrown overboard from some passing ship, and the male duly went on guard. The bottle, with the fish, was brought up in the trawl on the fishing grounds near Plymouth and the male subsequently continued his duties in the Plymouth Aquarium. Concerning the three photographs

reproduced on this page, Mr. Wilson notes: "They are, to the best of my knowledge, unique. They were by no means easy to obtain and, moreover, cannot be repeated except on the rare occasions upon which our research vessel obtains these fish and their nurseries in its trawl and is able to bring them in alive."

"DINOSAURS" AT THE LONDON ZOO.: AN EXHIBIT AT THE R.P.S.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY W. S. PITT, SHOWN IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY AT 35, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.1.



"KOMODO DRAGONS": A MAGNIFICENT PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE MOST PECULIAR OF LIVING CREATURES.

Those remarkable reptiles, the Komodo dragons, have, as our readers will recall, been illustrated on several previous occasions in these pages, and these particular specimens, "Sumba" and "Sumbawa" of the London "Zoo," will not be unknown to them. Mr. Pitt's photograph, however, which is exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society, is so admirable that we make no apology for returning

to the subject. Komodo dragons, it may be added, are called "*varanus komodoensis*" in scientific nomenclature, and are found only in Komodo, Rintja, and Flores, islands to the east of Java. They bear a striking resemblance to some of the dinosaurs of Mesozoic times, and are, perhaps, their closest living relatives. Though they have a short tail, they may attain a length of ten feet.

A GREAT DILETTANTE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"SIR KENELM DIGBY AND HIS VENETIA": By E. W. BLIGH.*

(PUBLISHED BY SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND CO.)

"OUR nation is happy; it produceth persons that do truly such actions as after ages take for Romances; witness a King Arthur, a Cadwallader, and God knoweth how many more of auncient time." What Mr. Bligh calls "a very full life" certainly qualified Sir Kenelm Digby for a place in that company of "God knoweth how many more"; to them he belongs not only by temperament, but by his chosen manner of life. He was, perhaps, born a little out of time, for as we read of his adventures and enterprises we seem to be living in the sixteenth rather than the seventeenth century; and there are various indications that towards the end of his life, the post-Restoration seventeenth century regarded his singularities with somewhat more scepticism, albeit indulgent scepticism, than they would have earned a hundred years earlier.

The name of Sir Kenelm Digby is very familiar, for it is one of those rhythmical names which somehow lodge themselves in the mind; but as he is, to many, little more than a name, it may be well to sketch the main incidents of his life, though it is difficult to do so adequately within a few paragraphs. He was born in 1603, and when he was only three years old, his father, Sir Everard Digby, was executed for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. This blot in the scutcheon probably accounts for much of Sir Kenelm's aggressive policy of establishing, even by mere *réclame*, his reputation and status. At the age of fourteen he went to Spain with his kinsman, the Ambassador, Sir John Digby (afterwards Earl of Bristol). A year later he entered Gloucester Hall (now Worcester College), Oxford, where his principal study was mathematics. The next two years of his life have, up to the present, been a blank, but some new material discovered by Mr. Bligh (to which reference will be made presently) suggests that at this period his love-affair with Lady Venetia Stanley may have been the most important influence in his development. In 1620 he went abroad and had (according to his own account) many brisk escapades in France (where he was reported to be dead), Italy, and Spain. At Madrid he was under the patronage of the Earl of Bristol. At twenty-two (probably) he was secretly married to Venetia Stanley, who was three years older than himself. She died eight years later, having borne him two sons.

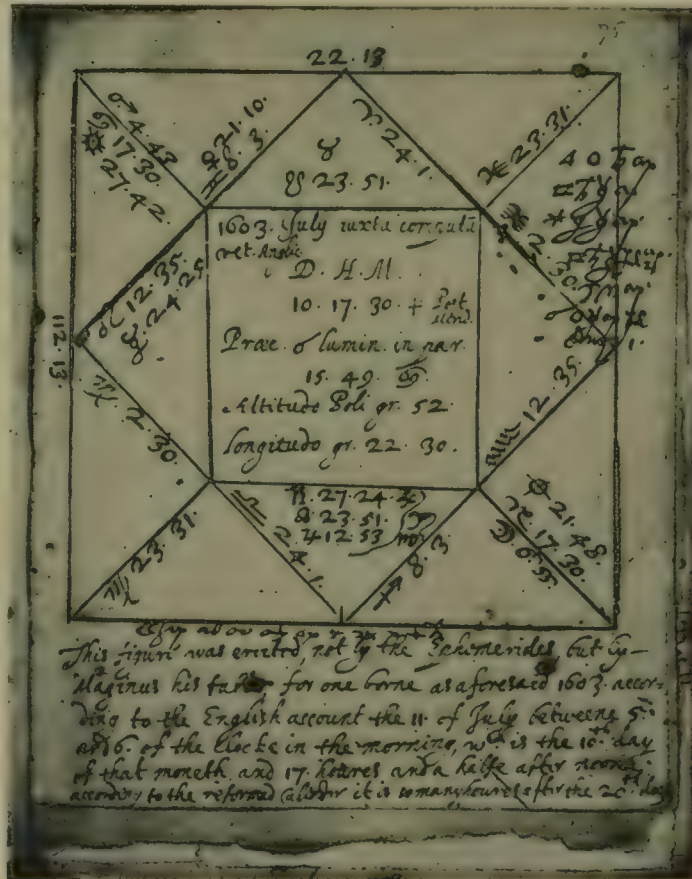
Meanwhile, Sir Kenelm had embarked on the great spectacular adventure of his life—the Mediterranean Expedition, which led to his famous action at Scanderon. Not without difficulty, he obtained a commission from the King, and set forth with a "fleet" of two ships (400 tons and 250 tons): "with such strength pitted against the mighty seas these two young men [Digby and Sir Edward Stradling] set out to challenge and pursue and ransack all such craft of the enemy, and not altogether only of the enemy, as they met in their course." They were highly successful, and incredibly daring; the story of their exploits was written by Digby himself, and takes a high

place in England's incomparable sea-literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. On June 11th, 1628, being baulked by a Venetian commander in his desire to fall upon French ships in the neutral Turkish port of

furios animosities of the time, he did not fall a victim to one party or the other. His escape may have been due to his personal popularity and the esteem (perhaps a little exaggerated) in which he was held as a man of learning; but we incline to think that in his later years his eccentricities had so grown upon him that nobody took him very seriously in politics. Some of his later epistles to women—on the theme "get thee to a nunnery," or at one moment laying violent suit to a fair frail one, at the next pronouncing a sort of solemn excommunication upon her—these and similar compositions suggest a mind not entirely balanced. Towards the end of his life, Digby held the office of Chancellor to the Queen Mother; he returned to England at the Restoration, and died five years later, at the age of sixty-two.

This naked outline cannot do justice to the many picturesque details of Digby's life which are to be found in Mr. Bligh's monograph, and which make us regret the author's decision not to attempt a systematic biography; for the result of that decision is a work which, while possessing many merits and certainly embodying valuable research, suffers, in its general effect, from lack of plan and arrangement. Mr. Bligh, however, has preferred to concentrate attention upon Digby's relations with Venetia Stanley and to fashion out of them one of the supreme ardours of an ardent age. In this attempt we feel that Mr. Bligh has been only partially successful. In the first place, he makes the mistake of protesting too much, frequently assuring us that he is offering us a grand passion, but without supporting asseveration with the actual stuff of grandeur. In the second place, despite all these assurances, he somehow never succeeds in bringing Venetia to life. We leave the book without ever feeling that we have known her, except as an abstraction; and this is probably because Mr. Bligh has substituted for true reality of characterisation a certain spasmodic tendency to "over-writing" which comes dangerously near, at times, to mere sentimentality: for example—"She died in her sleep on the first of May, 1633, this woman who had been his youth. The rose, warm from her bosom, had fallen and lay scatteredly. . . . Outside, the young men and girls were bringing in the white thorn and the may from Highgate and Kenwood, as they had brought it in

[Continued on page 476.]



SIR KENELM DIGBY'S HOROSCOPE—DRAWN BY HIMSELF—NOW IN THE BODLEIAN.

"Sir Kenelm Digby himself, when he was about twenty, consulted the stars, and if the reader will glance at the facsimile of the Horoscope which Sir Kenelm did then draw up, he will see at once what influences were at work. . . . Attached to this Horoscope, Digby gives a few biographical notes of the first twenty years of his life." An interpretation, by Mr. William Frankland, is in Mr. Bligh's book.

Reproduced from "Sir Kenelm Digby and his Venetia"; Published by Sampson Low, Marston.

Scanderon, Sir Kenelm fell upon the Venetians instead, and heavily defeated them. This was a high-handed act of aggression upon a friendly Power, and led to indignant diplomatic representations: British diplomacy, however, was equal to the occasion, and this astonishing young buccaneer of twenty-five was rewarded, on his return to England, by appointment as a Commissioner of the Navy.

After the death of his wife, he lived "a retired life" for two years at Gresham College, plunging, it would seem, into a kind of "luxury of grief" which reminds us of Shakespeare's Olivia. The remainder of his life shows a strange variety of activities, sympathies, and beliefs. At the age of thirty-two, while in Paris, he returned to Roman Catholicism, which, as Mr. Bligh now shows conclusively from new material, was the religion of his upbringing; thereafter he was a prominent representative of the English Roman Catholics, and twice went upon special missions to Rome. Exactly what part he played during the Civil War it is difficult to determine; at one time his contemporaries describe him as "Cromwell's confidant" and even "Cromwell's agent," at another as recruiting agent against the Parliamentary forces. He was summoned to the Bar of the House, imprisoned, and several times exiled, so that much of his latter years was spent abroad. It is surprising that, in the



VENETIA, LADY DIGBY, AFTER DEATH: PAINTED BY VANDYCK IN MAY 1633.

In his "Sir Kenelm Digby and his Venetia," Mr. Bligh writes: "She died in her sleep on the First of May, 1633. . . . When she died Vandyck came to paint her for the last time. It was a strange thought of Digby's, that of having her painted as she lay there. There is a curious difference in the original painting, which Lord Spencer allows me to reproduce in this book, and in the replica at the Dulwich Gallery. In the original at Althorp the rose is as yet perfect, while in the copy at Dulwich it has fallen, and is scattered. . . . And at Althorp a double, at Dulwich a single row of pearls. . . ."

From the Painting by Vandyck, at Althorp. (Copyright: Earl Spencer.) Here reproduced from "Sir Kenelm Digby and his Venetia," published by Sampson Low, Marston.



D. KENELMVS DIGBY EQVES ET ASTROLOGVS CAROLI REGIS MAGNÆ BRITANIÆ

SIR KENELM DIGBY: VANDYCK'S ENGRAVING IN THE SECOND STATE.

The full title of this is "Vandyck's Engraving, in the Second State, with the word *Astrologus* in place of the usual *Eques Auralus*." Sir Kenelm Digby, philosopher and poet, son of Sir Everard Digby, who was executed for participation in the Gunpowder Plot, was born at Gothurst, Bucks, in 1603. He died in 1665.—[Reproduced from "Sir Kenelm Digby and his Venetia."]

OSTRICH-RACING IN FRANCE: NOVEL STEEDS FOR "JOCKEYS."



A RACE FOR OSTRICHES WITH "JOCKEYS" UP: THE BIRDS AT SPEED, WHEN THEY MAY ATTAIN 40 M.P.H. ON THE TRACK; AND THEIR RIDERS ON LIGHT SADDLES, WITH THEIR LEGS TUCKED UNDER THE BIRDS' WINGS.

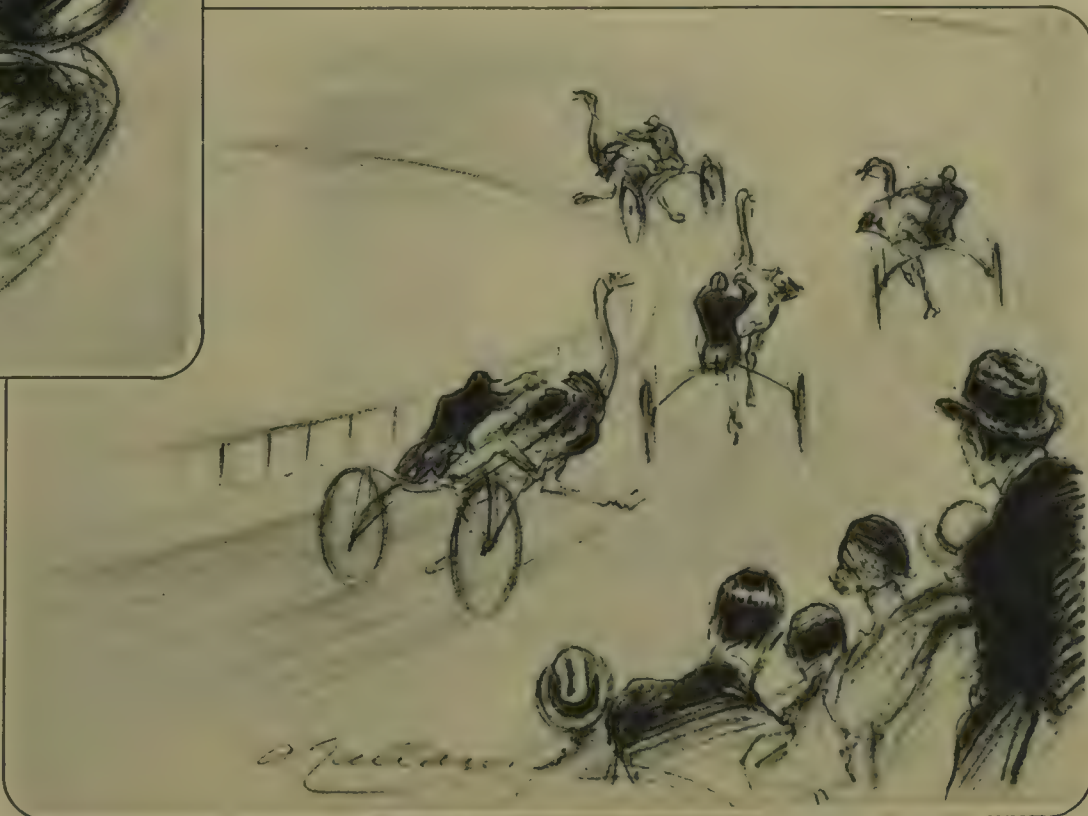


BRIDLING AN OSTRICH WITH A BRIDLE HAVING THREE CORDS—THE CENTRE ONE USED TO BRING THE BIRD TO A STANDSTILL.

THE drawings reproduced on this page were made at a recent "ostrich-race meeting" held in a well-known stadium at Montrouge, just outside Paris. Our readers will feel some surprise if, taking their ideas from "The Swiss Family Robinson," they expect to see the tame ostriches wearing little cowls made out of dogfish skin, with eye-holes covered by flaps, which are opened accordingly as it is desired to direct the bird to the right or left! Reality in this case is simpler than report, for the ostriches appeared at Montrouge harnessed on much the same principle as horses. A device not unlike a muzzle enclosed each bird's beak, and the rider, who was seated on a light saddle, with his legs bent back under the bird's wing (he wore no spurs!), controlled it by means of a bridle made up of three cords—the one in the centre serving to bring the bird to a standstill. In another race, the light-footed birds, with their regular trot, pulling their "sulkies," gave the impression of a set of mechanical toys. The signal fell, and off they went with huge strides, increasing speed gradually, and by the time they reached the grand stand they gave the impression of rapid movement little short of flying. In fact the ostriches almost



A "JOCKEY" HARNESING HIS OSTRICH FOR THE RACES RECENTLY RUN AT MONTROUGE, NEAR PARIS: ONE OF THE BIRDS, WHICH MAY STAND SEVEN FEET HIGH, IN ITS "LOOSE-BOX."



ANOTHER TYPE OF OSTRICH-RACE, IN WHICH THE BIRDS ARE HARNESSED TO LIGHT "SULKIES": THE "FIELD" AT FULL SPEED, WHEN THE BIRDS "GAVE THE IMPRESSION OF A SET OF MECHANICAL TOYS."

attain forty miles an hour in racing on the track, though on open ground, it is said, they can go even faster.



THE CASTLE WHICH CONTAINS THE PHARMACY OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COUNTESS PRESERVED AS IT WAS IN ITS FOUNDER'S DAY: SCHLOSS WEINBERG, IN UPPER AUSTRIA.

In view of the recent British Pharmaceutical Conference, at which reference was made to the forthcoming new edition of the "British Pharmacopæia," this article concerning a woman pharmacist of the eighteenth century is of particular interest. The pharmacist is long since dead; her pharmacy lives.

ON the crest of a hill, among the beautiful highlands of Upper Austria, stands Schloss Weinberg, a wonderful castle which was built towards the end of the thirteenth century, and is of much historical interest; and there, in a small tower room, exists something unique of its kind—a complete pharmacy, which remains exactly as it was when it was first arranged by its foundress over two hundred years ago. Pharmacy in these days is a popular profession for women, but it is not often that one hears of a woman pharmacist of the eighteenth century; and the little pharmacy in Schloss Weinberg is of special interest as giving a wonderfully clear picture of the curative methods in vogue in olden days.

The founder of this pharmacy was Maria Francisca, born a Countess von Kufstein, who married Count Christoph Wilhelm von Thürrheim, the owner of Castle Weinberg, in 1690, and started the pharmacy ten years later. It seems unlikely, however, that she was able to pay much attention to medical work, as her husband was Landshauptmann (Lord-Lieutenant) for Upper Austria, and she was obliged to spend much of her time in Linz, where the family owned a house, and in Vienna, in both of which centres she was a notable hostess—besides being the mother of sixteen children. The next owner of the castle was her son, Johann Wilhelm von Thürrheim, and when he died, in 1749, he was succeeded by his eldest son, another Christoph Wilhelm. This Christoph Wilhelm's second wife was Maria Anna, born a Countess Künigl, the widow of a certain Count Migazzy, whom he married in 1771 when she was twenty-eight years old.

Countess Maria Anna was a woman of an unusually beautiful and interesting character. During the greater part of her life she seems to have been very delicate, and is described as being seldom free from pain; and her own sufferings developed in her a deep sympathy and tenderness for suffering in others, whether of man or beast. Her biographer describes her as a woman who was always the life and soul of her home, a devoted wife and mother and an exemplary housewife, attending to the minutest detail of her household until the very day of her death. She was such a striking personality that she soon became famous throughout the countryside as one "who forgot herself in thought for others." She was deeply religious: her favourite book was the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis; and she made a collection of pious maxims for the guidance of her daughter and stepdaughters, whom she brought up with the most admirable care.

The little pharmacy which Countess Maria Anna found already installed in the castle when she arrived there as a bride gave her the very interest that most suited her abilities. Here, ready to her hand, were the implements for the work she loved most of all, and on her walks abroad through the neighbouring fields and forests of the lovely countryside she was able personally to collect all kinds of herbs and plants for immediate medicinal use.

On the centre table of the pharmacy, as it stands to-day, lies a big tome of heavy hand-made paper, bound in parchment, which contains 1141 recipes, besides



CREATOR OF THE PHARMACY WHICH THE COUNTESS MARIA ANNA FOUND INSTALLED IN SCHLOSS WEINBERG WHEN SHE WENT THERE AS A BRIDE IN 1771: COUNTESS MARIA FRANCISCA VON THÜRHEIM, WHO BEGAN HER MEDICAL WORK IN 1700.

The Countess Maria Francisca, who married in 1690, started the pharmacy in Schloss Weinberg ten years later. Her son, Johann Wilhelm, inherited the Castle, and when he died, in 1749, it passed to his son, Christoph Wilhelm, who married Maria Anna, the widowed Countess Migazzy, in 1771. It is to the Countess Maria Anna that the pharmacy owes the greater part of its fame.

A WOMAN PHARMACIST OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—AND HER 1141 CURIOUS RECIPES.

STRANGE TREATMENTS FOR ILLS—AND FOR THE CULTIVATION OF BEAUTY—GIVEN BY THE BENEVOLENT COUNTESS MARIA ANNA VON THÜRHEIM.

By BEATRIX L. BELLINGHAM.

a minute treatise on midwifery, and many careful directions for the treatment of broken limbs, wounds, sprains, and so forth, every one of them written out in her small, neat handwriting, now rather difficult to decipher, as both the lettering and the spelling of the words are old-world in character. There is also a second book—containing a number of recipes for

the treatment of sick animals. These recipes, which include medicines and ointments, directions for making soaps, scents and pomades, etc., are extraordinarily interesting, as, though some of them are in accord with modern hygienic ideas, others seem to depend for their success on that faith which, it is said, can work miracles. Among these last is an amusing one for the cure of cramp in the arms and legs—"Take the two large teeth out of the mouth of a living hare and hang them round your neck"—which sounds more than tragic for the poor beast concerned!

Another odd recipe—for curing a person who is suffering from insanity—runs as follows: "Take bark, ginger, nutmegs, and nutmeg flowers and cloves; pound them altogether into a fine powder and rub them through a sieve; then take a coal-black ram of one year old; cut off its head with a single stroke in such a manner that the brain does not come out; put the head with the skin and hair (having first removed the horns), into a saucepan and boil it in clean water. When it has properly boiled, take it out, open the skull, remove the brain and lay this in a pan, put flour over it so that the brain will not be burnt, mix it with three eggs and the previously prepared powder, and then cook the mixture until it is well browned. Give the patient a small quantity of this mixture, but see that he bites it properly and does not swallow it whole. Before giving this medicine, however, shave his head and make him lie down in a quiet, darkened room, and see that someone remains by him to watch him

while he sleeps as long as he can.

Continue this treatment with the same medicine for several days, see that he is not worried or allowed to talk much, and with God's help he will be better."

For deafness, this charming Countess recommends a few drops of hop tea poured into the ears—"And then you will hear." In cases in which the deafness was caused by insufficient washing, as seems likely in those days, this was probably effective; but it is a pity that in twentieth-century cases of deafness a cure is not so easily brought about! A delightful recipe for heart palpitations accompanied by fever runs as follows: "Take rose-petals and lavender flowers, add to these two nutmegs, nutmeg flowers, cinnamon, twenty grammes of fennel and a few cloves; mix all well together and put into a small bag, and, having first soaked the bag in hot water, lay it over the heart. This will strengthen the heart."

For headache accompanied by sleeplessness the Countess recommends "flowers of the wild blue bugle, steeped in hot wine and laid, when warm, over the forehead. This cures giddiness and brings sleep." The old book also contains a number of recipes for beauty culture; among them one for making the hands white, which

recommends almond kernels and lily roots pounded in a mortar to which almond oil and fresh run honey should be added; "mix this altogether into a stiff paste, roll it into small balls and rub a little of it well into the



KEPT AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF THE COUNTESS MARIA FRANCISCA VON THÜRHEIM, WHO FOUNDED IT IN 1700: THE PHARMACY IN THE SCHLOSS WEINBERG, SCENE OF THE BENEVOLENT ACTIVITIES OF ITS CREATOR AND OF THE COUNTESS MARIA ANNA, "WHO FORGOT HERSELF IN THOUGHT FOR OTHERS."

hands every morning." Doubtless an excellent recipe. A delicious perfume can be concocted from the "delicate little flowers of the scented heather, the petals of newly opened tea-roses, carnations, and the roots and leaves of rosemary. These have to be dried in the sun and then steeped in spirits of wine, in which they should remain for ten days; after which the liquor must be strained through fine white silk and, if found too strong, a little water may be added."

The pharmacy itself is wonderfully picturesque. Situated in a small room in one of the towers of the castle, it has three windows which give a marvellous view of the surrounding country. Its walls are colour-washed a soft shade of grey, with a scroll pattern near the ceiling in green, rose, and blue; and these walls are completely lined with sets of shelves, painted a soft shade of powder-blue picked out with gold, that hold numerous bottles in pale blue glass, painted with labels in delicate colourings, pots of blue-and-white faience or porcelain and jars of painted wood. Here are glass retorts and glass-covered dishes, sieves, mortars for pounding and grinding, crucibles, flat metal scalpels, scissors, spoons, and mixing bowls. A small travelling medicine chest, fitted with tiny bottles, still has lingering about it a faint fragrant perfume from some of its original contents; while many of the pots and jars also retain traces of the powders and other medicinal preparations they once contained.

One likes to think of this old-world great lady going about her husband's estate, visiting the sick, comforting all those in sorrow and distress, supervising her kitchens, store-room and dairy, working in her little pharmacy and spending her evenings in studying medicine and writing into her big book the recipes she concocted herself or collected from her friends.

Countess Maria Anna died on June 30, 1790, "dearly loved by all, for her whole life was one of unselfishness and devotion." When she knew that the end was approaching, she left letters to be read by her husband and daughters after her death, and, being "a happy wife and mother, she knew how to die as she had lived." She was buried in the Thürrheim family vault in the parish church of Kefermarkt, only a short distance from her beloved home.

A MARBLE LAUGH RIVALLING THE PAINTED SMILE OF THE "MONA LISA."

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



"THE LAUGHING BOY."—BY DESIDERIO DA SETTIGNANO (1428—1464): A BUST—WITH A PEARL NECKLACE TO HIDE A CRACK—WHICH IS REGARDED AS THE GEM OF THE BENDA COLLECTION RECENTLY BEQUEATHED TO AUSTRIA.

A short time ago Austria received a magnificent legacy in the shape of the art collection of the late Herr Gustav Benda, who died recently at over eighty years of age and was found to have bequeathed the whole of his remarkable art treasures to his country, with the result that they can now be enjoyed by all in the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna. The gem of gems, many hold, is the bust here illustrated, for which Herr Benda refused many very high bids, notably from America; and it has been remarked, not unreasonably, that the modelled laugh of the marble boy rivals the painted smile of the immortal "Mona Lisa" of Leonardo da Vinci. The pearls, it should be added, were set in place

by Herr Benda, to hide a crack in the neck. As to the sculptor, it may be recalled that Desiderio da Settignano was born at Settignano, near Florence, in 1428, and that for a space he was a pupil of Donatello: indeed, Vasari asserts that he was responsible for some of the work on the pedestal of his master's "David." He is best known, perhaps, by his sculptures in Florence; notably by the tomb of Carlo Marsuppini, Secretary of State, in Santa Croce, the marble tabernacle of the Annunciation in San Lorenzo, and the cherubs' heads forming the exterior frieze of the Pazzi chapel; but a number of important busts by him are in national collections and in the hands of private collectors.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES.



A STRANGE PLANT SO RARE THAT IT IS PROTECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT: A MALE *WELWITSCHIA MIRABILIS* IN THE SOUTH-WEST AFRICAN DESERT.

"The *Welwitschia Mirabilis*" writes the correspondent who supplies these photographs, "named after the Austrian traveller Friedrich Welwitsch, is found only in South-West Africa and Southern Mossamedes. It grows in the desert sands many miles from the coast. The stem of this remarkable plant may, when mature, be a little over a foot high and several feet across. It bears but two leaves, which sometimes grow to be 5 or 10 feet long, and 2 or 3 feet wide, ultimately



"LIKE A SCARLET SPLASH OF BLOOD ON THE WHITE SANDY BACKGROUND": A CLOSE VIEW OF A FEMALE *WELWITSCHIA MIRABILIS*.

splitting and getting buried in the desert sands. There are male and female plants; but the male plant predominates. The paniced flowers of the female plant are covered by brilliant overlapping scarlet scales. The traveller, after many weary miles through the hot sands of the desert, may see it from the distance, looking like a scarlet splash of blood on the white sandy background." It is so rare, however, that the Mandatory Government has protected it.



WHERE EMUS ARE A PEST TO SHEEP-FARMERS! A NEST NEAR BREWARRINA, NEW SOUTH WALES.

"In the vast open spaces of Australia," writes a correspondent, "emus are often so numerous as to be a pest to the sheep-farmers: not only do they frighten the sheep by running round them, but they cause considerable damage to fences, necessitating constant repairs." The emu usually lays eight or nine eggs.



A WATERSPOUT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT ST. RAPHAEL.

We have frequently illustrated waterspouts in our pages, and on February 7 of last year we were able to reproduce the first cinematograph pictures ever taken of one of these alarming meteorological phenomena. We here give a photograph taken of a waterspout which appeared in the Mediterranean, off St. Raphael, at about 12.30 p.m., at the beginning of the month.



FISH SO TAME THAT THEY WILL FEED FROM VISITORS' HANDS: THE TROUT AT ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND.

That fish, especially trout, are to be found tame in a lake sounds like a traveller's tale. Yet last year we reproduced some beautiful photographs showing the famous fish of the Blausee, in Switzerland. Here are seen the tame trout at Fairy Springs, Rotorua. In our photograph they are being watched by the members of a visiting English football team.



STRANGE-LOOKING MASTERPIECES OF THE TOPIARIAN ART WHICH TAKE MANY DECADES TO FASHION: A COMPLETE SET OF OLD-FASHIONED CHESSMEN CUT IN SOME AGED YEW-TREES AT HEVER CASTLE, IN KENT.

A correspondent supplying the above photograph describes it as "showing one of the most interesting instances of the fine art of topiary in the south of England. It represents 'The Chessmen' and they are cut in yew-trees. The photograph was taken in the grounds of Major Astor's estate at Hever Castle, Kent. The yew-trees are of a good age—having to grow for ten or fifteen years before the first cutting can take place."



SABOTAGE BY ELEPHANTS! A COOLIES' DWELLING ON A MALAY PENINSULAR RAILWAY PROTECTED BY A DEEP DITCH FROM THEIR ATTACKS, PERHAPS DUE TO RESENTMENT AT THIS NEW-FANGLED MEANS OF PROGRESSION.

"The newly-opened railway line through Pahang and Kelantan," writes a correspondent, "on the Malay peninsula, runs through virgin jungles, and elephants were particularly fond of attacking the coolie lines and destroying everything they could. The problem was eventually solved by digging a ditch about 6 ft. wide and 7 ft. deep right round the lines, as shown in the illustration. This proved an impassable obstacle for the elephants."

THE NEW NAVY AND MERCANTILE MARINE HELM ORDERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF MR. G. S. LAIRD CLOWES, OF THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



FROM PADDLE TO AUTOMATIC STEERING GEAR: HOW THE SHIP HAS BEEN KEPT ON ITS COURSE THROUGH THE AGES.

A short while ago it was decided by the International Convention for Safety of Life at Sea to abolish in all ships the old traditional helm orders. To-day, the order "Port" causes the helmsman in British ships to direct the ship's course to starboard, and when "Starboard" is given the course is altered to port. This originated long ago, when the use of the tiller was universal, and has persisted to this day; but on January 1, 1933, the custom learned by every British seaman, both in the Royal Navy and in merchant shipping, in giving or receiving helm orders will be reversed, and when the order is given "Port" or "Left," the ship's head will follow that direction. It may be mentioned, however, that several nations have already adopted the new method. In view of this change, it is interesting to review the methods of steering ships from the earliest times to the present day. We observe how early man used a primitive paddle, swinging it ever and anon from side to side to keep his dug-out canoe

on its course. Later he learned to steer by turning the blade edge-on, and, by twisting it, to alter the direction of his canoe. Later still came the steering paddles that, in various forms, were the method of steering used for centuries, until the introduction of the rudder on the centre line of the ship, clumsy at first, but developing with the passing of the years. Finally, we come to the great mass of steel that forms the rudder of the ocean giants of to-day. The tiller, or portion held by the steersman, developed slowly at first, until we come to the whipstaff that was in general use from 1500 to 1690. About 1700 saw the coming of the steering wheel, which developed and gained in size with the increasing dimensions of the ship. Later came automatic steering, in which the steering of the ship is controlled by simply setting a course in the desired direction, when the gyro-compass controlling the gear will keep the ship's head true to this course in all types of weather and as long as desired.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

TRINKETS FROM CHELSEA.

By FRANK DAVIS.



LAST week this page was occupied by a series of seventeenth-century trade tokens, whose value was reckoned in shillings: they were mostly issued by publicans, and doubtless used by sinners. Lest

I should be accused of too great an enthusiasm for low company, I illustrate four small objects of great sophistication, of a type which is at once popular and requires a rather long purse if it is to be acquired, for small porcelain toys—in which term are comprised scent-bottles, *étuis*, seals, etc.—made at the Chelsea factory are rare, and pursued with ardour by many collectors.

The general public has three admirable collections at its disposal: that in the British Museum (Franks); that at the Victoria and Albert (Schrieber); that at the London Museum (Joicey). There are also one or two admirable books on the subject, notably the large and excellently illustrated volume by Mr. G. E. Briant, to which would-be serious collectors are herewith referred. There is, however, a large public which appreciates fine things without having either the time or opportunity to wade through a mass of detail, and what follows is intended for the not-too-know-ledgeable.

Taste is a curious quality. We talk of good or bad or indifferent taste, without in the least being able to define it. The modern tendency is towards a clear-cut robustness, a severe and almost puritanical

simplicity, which makes us inclined to wonder how it was that eighteenth-century Europe, composed as it was of a society not remarkable for sentiment, could welcome with such enthusiasm the sweetly pretty productions of Meissen, of Bow, and of Chelsea. Yet while we wonder, we, in our turn, are charmed: the Dresden shepherdess may weep only saccharine tears, but she yet can touch our flinty hearts, and a generation nurtured on the works of Mr. Aldous Huxley can none the less give a little gasp of quite undiluted pleasure as it contemplates a couple of porcelain doves idiotically billing and cooing, or the supremely unintelligent mincing little gentleman of Fig. 2. The explanation eludes me, unless it lies in the fact that such productions of a long-since bankrupt factory have a fairy-like quality which throws reason over-board, for it is notorious that in fairyland the rules of logic no longer apply. If this is so, perhaps we need seek no further for an explanation of our own reactions to these little nonsenses, these sprightly creatures and animals and birds, by Fantasy out of Elegance, for they belong neither

to heaven nor earth, but to an intermediate region in which mountains are made of sugar-plums, and any good pumpkin is liable to turn into a coach and six. And the same reasons which charm us, who are so busily engaged in erecting gasometers and sewage works, were no doubt equally cogent in the middle of the eighteenth century, when our ancestors rarely washed, and life was a steady progression from one horribly bad smell to another.

The temptation to talk of Chelsea trinkets in the language of the writer of tales for the nursery is strong, but must be resisted. Here are a few facts which may be dull, but are nevertheless necessary if one is to understand the position of Chelsea porcelain in the development of ceramics. The factory was founded somewhere about the year 1745, and the earliest

manager appears to have been a Frenchman, Charles Gouyn; he was succeeded about four years later—1749, the year Henry Fielding finished "Tom Jones"—by another Frenchman, a silversmith, Nicholas Sprimont, who managed the business till 1758, when he became sole proprietor. After various ups and downs, the factory was sold in 1769, and resold again in 1770 to William Duesbury and John Heath, of Derby. In 1784 the buildings at Chelsea were pulled down, and the moulds and plant removed to Derby. It is not a lengthy history, and many parts of it are obscure, and likely to remain so, but for practical purposes the following dates are unquestioned. In the Catalogue of English Porcelain in the British Museum, Mr. R. L.

Hobson divides the working years of Chelsea thus: 1745-1750—incised triangle mark; 1750-1753—raised anchor mark; 1750-53-1758—red anchor mark; 1759-1769—gold anchor mark; 1770-1784—Derby Chelsea period (that is, of course, the period when the factory belonged to the two Derby manufacturers mentioned above, but was still in active operation).

The following contemporary advertisement, quoted by Mr. Briant, will perhaps illustrate as well as anything the business methods of the period. It is from the *Public Advertiser* of 1754—

By Order of the Proprietors of the Chelsea Porcelain Manufactory

To be sold by auction

By Mr. Ford

At his Great Rooms in St. James', Haymarket, on Monday the 16th December, and the following days.

All the entire stock of Porcelain

Toys, brought from their Warehouse in Pall Mall; consisting of Snuff Boxes, Smelling Bottles, Etwees and Trinkets for Watches (mounted in gold and unmounted) in various beautiful shapes, of an elegant design, and curiously painted in Enamel.

Nothing of the above kind was in their former sale, nor will anything of the same sort as in this be sold from the Manufactory till after next year. A large parcel of porcelain hafts for table and Dessert Knives and Forks. Most of the things are in lots suitable for Jewellers, Goldsmiths, Toy-shops, China-shops, Cutlers, and workmen in these branches of business.

An auction sale of the output of a factory is so contrary to modern practice that if someone tried the same experiment to-day he would be doubtless hailed as an innovator of genius. It must have been a risky proceeding—unfortunately, one does not know whether the result was satisfactory.

Perhaps it is the last paragraph of this advertisement



3. BACK TO NATURE AND THE SIMPLICITY OF RURAL DELIGHTS: A CHELSEA *ETUI* OF ABOUT 1765 (IN THE SHAPE OF A WHEAT-SHEAF, WITH PARTRIDGES SPORTING ROUND ITS FOOT), WHICH AFFECTS A PASTORAL INNOCENCE THAT IS BELIED BY THE MOTTO—"GAGE DE MA TENDRESSE." (NATURAL SIZE.)

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Stoner and Evans.

tisement which is particularly interesting. It is rather easy for the collector of to-day, in the light of his own enthusiasm, to imagine a solemn little clique of potters and painters self-consciously devoting their lives to the production of pretty things for the benefit of a few persons of taste.

It seems to me worth emphasising the fact that there was nothing of an arty-and-crafty philosophy about any of the old factories. They were all money-making concerns, quick to take advantage of every whim of fashion; if any jeweller or other tradesman cared to utilise their products as a basis for some idea of his own, these old makers were only too willing to sell him a gross or so of little objects at cut rates.



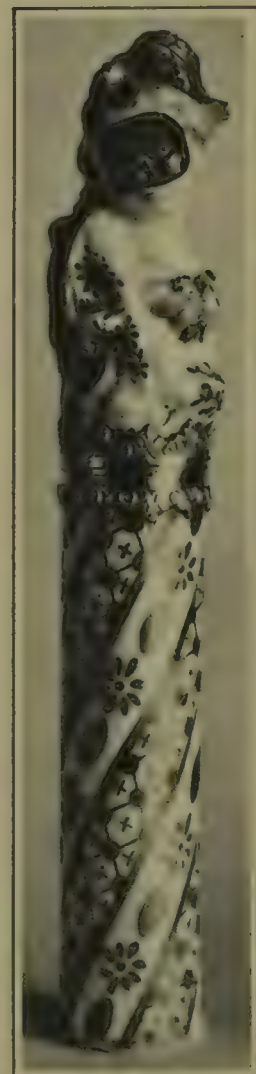
2. A CHELSEA FIGURE DATING FROM ABOUT 1765: A CHINA TRIFLE WHICH RETAINS ITS CHARM, IN SPITE OF THE TREND OF MODERN TASTE TOWARDS THE AUSTERE AND THE SIMPLE. (NATURAL SIZE.)

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Stoner and Evans.



4. A GARDENER WHOSE BREECHES BELIE HIM!—AN EFFORT AT REALISM IN CHELSEA CHINA, UNSUCCESSFUL IN THAT THE CREATOR HAS BROKEN LOOSE AND PAINTED SPOTS ON THE GARDENER'S TROUSERS, AND GIVEN HIM THE SOULFUL AND FAR-AWAY LOOK THAT GOES WITH A MIND SET FAR ABOVE POT-PLANTS! (NATURAL SIZE.)

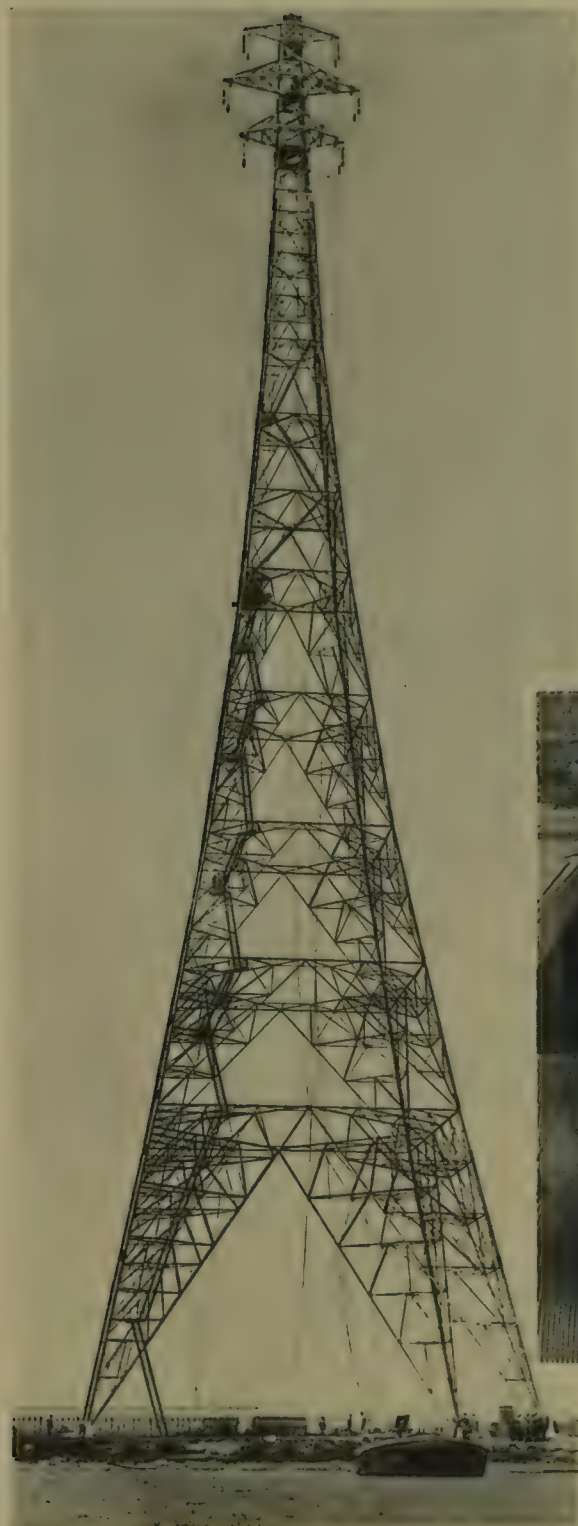
Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Stoner and Evans.



5. THE AIRY COMEDIAN ON A BODKIN-CASE: A CHELSEA *ETUI* DECORATED WITH A HEAD FROM THE ITALIAN COMEDY. (NATURAL SIZE.)

Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Hyam and Co.

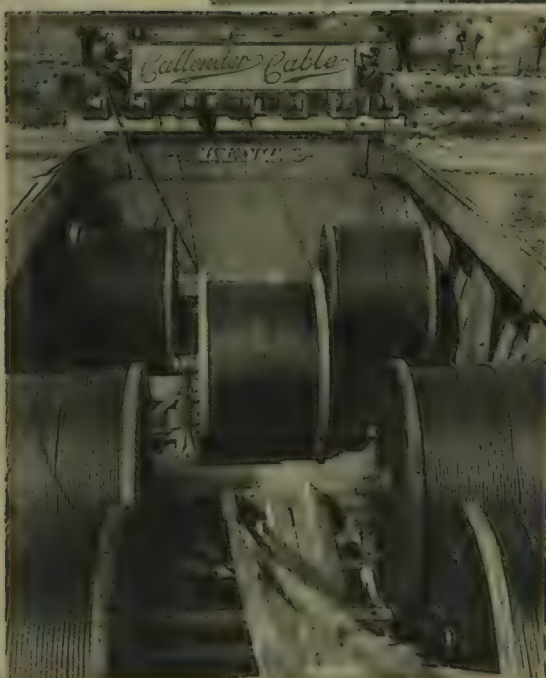
Again a CALLENDER achievement



The North Suspension
Tower at Dagenham,
487 feet in height.



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North Suspension
Tower at Dagenham,
over 400 ft. above
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

I HAVE received a most gorgeous gilt-covered catalogue of the "V-8" cylinder Ford car with admirable illustrations, which deals with all the technical and other virtues of Mr. Henry Ford's latest achievement in motor-car building. That in itself is good reading, but an even more pleasing factor is that the contents describe "the factories of the Empire-built" Ford cars. That embracing term is used because the "V-8" engine is made in Canada and sent to England, where the chassis, coachwork, and other details are made at the new Dagenham Works in Essex belonging to the English Ford Company. The motoring public will have quite a thrill of speed when they first have a run on the "V-8" Ford, as its eight-cylinder engine of 30 h.p. propels a carriage weighing only 23 cwt., so the power-weight ratio is phenomenal.

With this power available to the driver, I found, when testing the new "V-8" Ford, that one can easily distance most cars starting off a mark, as the Ford coupé I drove reached a speed of 60 miles an hour in a distance of about 400 yards from the starting line. Moreover, with two persons in the coupé and a reasonable amount of luggage in the roomy two-seater dickey behind, the speedometer reached 79 miles an hour on a rising incline road. On the run, I found this "V-8" Ford coupé could easily climb ascents of 1 in 4 or 5 on top gear, but the second speed is so easy to change up and down, with its synchro-mesh gear, that it is not necessary to keep in top for fear of mugging a change down. Therefore I used that gear in all traffic and on very steep hills, so as to keep up a high rate of cruising speed in the 120 miles or so I covered in a few hours. Being rather a long-legged person, I should prefer that the gear

lever was goose-necked over about a couple of inches towards the passenger, as its position in top gear was apt to rub against my thigh, whereas there was plenty of room to permit this being done without interfering with the comfort of the passenger, be he ever so stout. This is a trifling matter and one easily effected for individual owners. Also, it is my only grumble at this excellent and comfortable carriage, costing £255



COUNTRY GRACES: THE NEW ROVER 1933 "TEN SPECIAL" SALOON AND AN ELEGANT COMPANY.

The Rover "Ten Special" coachbuilt saloon, costing £228, is one of the most up-to-date English motor-carriages in design, and is full of interesting details in its units. The radiator, for instance, has a stone-guard in front of it, which has the outward appearance of radiator-shutters, giving the car a very smart effect from the front. When the engine is idling, the power unit rocks quietly from side to side, and becomes steadier and steadier, until it appears immovable. The practical result is that there is no apparent engine period and the smoothness in running of a multi-cylinder motor.

complete. Truly one can buy fast cars at low cost nowadays, as it is only a few years ago that a car capable of 80 miles an hour (as this is) was not purchasable under £750, and usually cost more than this amount.

New Hillman "Wizard" Model.

A new "Wizard" model is announced by the Hillman Motor Co., Ltd., of Coventry, and the makers state that it is a car of really high road performance and good appearance. The six-cylinder engine is supplied in alternative sizes at choice of the buyer, the respective models being catalogued as "65" (16 h.p.) and "75" (21 h.p.). The Hillman Motor Company gave their patrons this choice of powers last year, which proved very satisfactory to their customers, as overseas bought the larger engine and the home market the smaller one, because of saving tax and insurance rates. Recent developments in engine design have resulted in a combination of features being developed in the new "Wizard" engines, which the makers have given the comprehensive name of "cyclonic induction," as the power curve has soared to remarkable heights. The practical result to the user is that the new "Wizards" have a road performance of guaranteed high speed. Thus the "65" is capable of more than 65 m.p.h., while the "75" will top the 70 m.p.h. mark as checked by the watch. These genuine timed speeds, state the makers, can be relied upon. The rubber "cushioned power" method of bedding the power unit on the chassis to cancel all engine vibration is now built into all the new "Wizards." This device largely contributed to the popularity of the Hillman 10-h.p. "Minx," which continues unaltered in price or details. A new "Minx" Sports model is introduced for the 1933 season, which is to be staged at Olympia next month as well as the new "Wizards." Of the latter both Empire and home market buyers will like the new seven-seater long wheelbase "75" Hillman, as an excellent family carriage capable of fast, yet smooth, travelling, fitted with either limousine or landaulette coachwork. This is an additional model to the standard saloons with shorter wheelbases.



Of course, when you understand them, cars are just the simplest things. When you want to start you waggle your left foot, waggle your right foot and waggle the long handle with the knob on it. When you want to stop you signal with your hand. When the thing won't work, you open the bonnet and wait for someone to come along. Then you do this with your eyes. But the man says that I must be kind to the engine and always use *Castrol*, and then the thing won't not work. So you see, cars aren't nearly as mysterious as people think.

The Sword Swallower



*There is nothing miraculous about
anti-knock fluid, BUT...*

when a few drops of tetra-ethyl-lead, the best anti-knock specific science knows, are added to the finest straight petrol the result is an extraordinarily good motor spirit—B P Plus, with its little extra something.

Plus a little something some others haven't got

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

A WEEK WITHOUT BACH.

IT was something of a relief to have no Bach evening during the past week at the Promenades. In fact, the classics altogether were rather neglected, the programmes throughout the week being comparatively modern, the old masters being represented entirely by nineteenth-century composers such as Wagner, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky.

The Wagner concert was slightly unusual in its selection of items, as the scene between Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens from Act III. of "Götterdämmerung" was performed in a somewhat truncated form, adapted for the concert hall. This was agreeably sung by Mahry Dawes, Irene Morden, Valetta Jacopi, and Walter Widdop; but to those accustomed to the full operatic version, from the Prelude to Act III. to its close, this condensed version often had a painfully awkward effect on the ears.

A singer with a nice voice and attractive style, Eileen Hannevig, gave a pleasing version of Senta's Ballad, and the evening began with a rousing performance of one of the best of Wagner's overtures, that of "The Flying Dutchman."

On the Tuesday we had one of those mixed programmes which are, to my mind, so much more attractive than single-composer or single-nation programmes. Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" overture began the evening, and then, in place of Miss Florence Easton, Mme. Stiles-Allen gave one of the best performances I have ever heard from her of "Ritorna Vincitor" from "Aida." Verdi is rather neglected by the compilers of the Promenade programmes, probably because when the tradition of the "Proms" was forming Verdi was under a cloud. But the audience on this occasion was stirred as it rarely is by singing, and I recommend to Sir Henry Wood that next year he might make some more selections from Verdi, especially from the lesser-known operas, for his Promenade singers.

A PROKOVIEV CONCERTO.

It is rather odd that the Russian composer, Serge Prokoviev, has never had quite the success here of his compatriot Stravinsky, who is somewhat his senior. Prokoviev represents a phase of the modern musical movement that is both interesting and genuine. This third pianoforte concerto in C is a thoroughly delightful work, full of excellent crafts-

manship and invention, dry and humorous in style, but not without attractive, melodic expression. I am not sure that we have quite learned how to play this sort of music, which depends so much on subtle rhythmic modifications. We may distinguish the style of Prokoviev from that of most nineteenth-century music by saying that it derives from the combination of rhythm and harmony rather than from the combination of melody and harmony. Miss Helen Perkins, who played the pianoforte part, gave an alert and confident performance.

ADOLF BUSCH.

The violinist, Adolf Busch, has both by his solo playing and through his quartet playing achieved a fine reputation in this country. In Germany he has long been known as one of the best and soundest of the younger school of musicians. When I first heard him I was much impressed by his playing, but on the last two occasions he has played here I have been rather disappointed. One of these was his performance at the Promenades of the Brahms Violin Concerto. His fine qualities of sound technique—clean fingering, pure intonation—and his solid musicianship were in evidence as usual, but nevertheless to me his playing was dull. Never did I feel the music flowing from his conception of it. It was all painstaking, competent, but without brilliance, passion, or conviction.

TOO MUCH EXUBERANCE.

The orchestra were not at their best on this evening, and Sir Henry Wood put too much physical energy in his performance of Elgar's "Introduction and Allegro" for my taste. Music—after adequate care and preparation has been expended upon it—must be allowed to happen, it should not be forced, and Sir Henry has the tendency—out of sheer enthusiasm and physical exuberance—to force things too much occasionally, so that their effect is really diminished instead of being increased.

The Tchaikovsky night on the Thursday afforded him a happier occasion for his talents. In the B flat minor pianoforte concerto he ably collaborated with the pianist, Miss Katherine Goodson, who gave a vigorous and enjoyable performance of this work. Then Sir Henry was able to let himself go in the Tchaikovsky F. minor symphony. For once the enthusiasm of the audience was justified, for the playing combined precision and vigour in a most satisfying way. W. J. TURNER.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD," AT THE NEW.

THOUGH this is second-rate Shaw, it is yet vastly superior to any other play in town. It opens in the bed-room of a young lady who is suffering from measles, which gives the author a chance to deliver his customary gibes at the medical profession. On the head of the bed sits Mr. Ernest Thesiger, disguised as a microbe; but he has little to do and is presumably only introduced (as they say in the riddles) to "make it more difficult." A Cockney nurse with a very "refaned" accent enters, and after some Sairey Gamp-like antics soon discloses herself as a crook, signalling to her confederate outside by manipulations of the window-blind. He enters in the person of Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, a parson-burglar. The son of an atheist, he has become a parson not so much from any religious leanings, as that he has a passion for sermonising, and the pulpit, he has discovered, is the only place where a man may indulge such a taste without fear of interruption. The intention of this couple is to steal the patient's rope of pearls, but when she awakes and proves herself a ju-jitsu expert, she is promptly added to the party and offered a share of the plunder. As an incentive, she is also offered a "broader, freer life in the wide open spaces." After this first act, that dragged during the opening stages, but in the main was extremely amusing, the author announced that here the play, as regards action, ceased. From then on we were to hear nothing but talk. This was perfectly true, but how entertaining and provocative the talk was! Practically every subject under the sun was touched upon, and if some of the audience disagreed very violently with many of Mr. Shaw's opinions, others no less violently agreed with them. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke declaimed a series of sermons with superb elocution. Mr. Ralph Richardson gave a fine study of an amorous sergent religiously inclined. Miss Leonora Corbett was a spirited heroine, and Miss Ellen Pollock was extremely amusing as a Cockney adventuress who posed as an Italian countess.

"WORDS AND MUSIC," AT THE ADELPHI.

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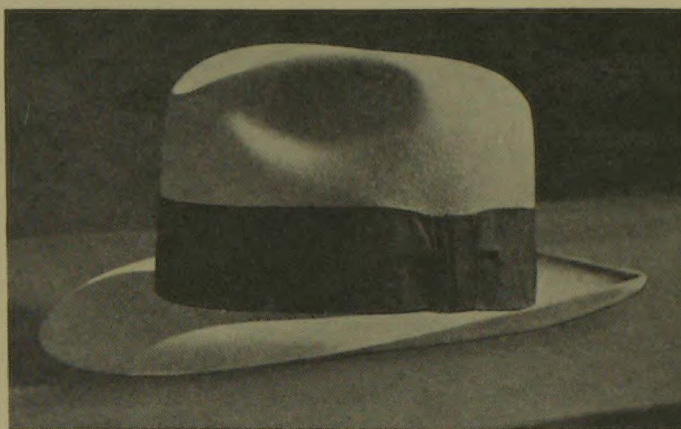
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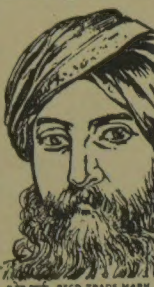
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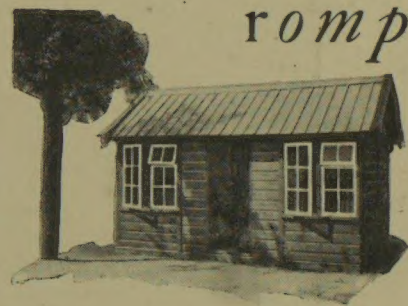
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even more courageous, instead of hitching his vehicle to a star, or stars, has collected an entirely unknown company of players to interpret his work, most of them in the very early twenties. Only Miss Ivy St. Helier and Miss Joyce Barbour were known to the first-night audience. Mr. Coward's confidence in youth has been well rewarded, for all of the young people did good, and two at least superlative, work. The honours go to Miss Nora Howard for her study of a lovesick school-girl in love with a film star, and to Mr. Romney Brent for his song, "Mad Dogs and Englishmen go out in the Midday Sun." "Mad About the Boy," in which Miss Howard scored, is the titbit of the evening. We watch the audience leaving a cinema, where they have been to see a certain Ronald Colman, and follow them to their homes, where they, Society Lady, Streetwalker, Servant Girl, and School Girl, avow themselves "Mad About the Boy." This is closely followed by the "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" sketch, where we see an English colony in the Tropics nestling under the wing of Government House. But indeed the revue is full of gems: "Let's Say Good-bye," in which we watch the parting of a pair of lovers, has a wistful note; "The Hall of Fame," showing how the newspapers enrol Nonentities on their Roll of Fame; "Journey's End," as Herr Erik Charell, of "White Horse Inn" fame, might have presented it; and an amusing series of sketches showing the effect of the Russian Ballet on the elderly members of a West-End Club, the residents in a seaside boarding-house, and the nurses in a crèche. Miss Ivy St. Helier was a tower of strength as the tired wife of a third-rate acrobat describing her woes, and as the gushing organiser of a charity matinee.

A GREAT DILETTANTE.

(Continued from Page 464.)

on that day for centuries; for centuries lovers had done this."

The attachment of Digby and Venetia Stanley began as a boy-and-girl affair. If Mr. Bligh is right in his theory (he makes out a good case, but the matter cannot be regarded as certain) that two of four newly-discovered letters were addressed to her and were written about 1618, this youthful idyll was at its climax when Digby was between 15 and 17. During his absence in France, when (and possibly because) he was given out for dead, Venetia became seriously compromised with a lover whom Mr. Bligh shows convincingly to have been "the magnificent" Richard Sackville, third Earl of Dorset (whose reputation among women was Horace's *et militavi non sine gloria*). The affair was as notorious as Venetia's beauty, and in later years Digby's enemies did not hesitate to describe his wife by a blunt Shakespearean name. Scandal did not abate Digby's affection, though when he married Venetia he (or she) seems to have been sufficiently sensitive to keep the matter secret; and he incurred grave reproaches from kindred and friends for his association with her. There is no doubt of Digby's passionate devotion to her, nor of his deep sorrow for her loss. In one of the new letters there occurs a particularly significant passage, which is perhaps the key to what prosaic people nowadays would call Digby's "love-life." "It hath ever bin a maxime with me" (in his teens!) "that one can have no happiness either in this world, or the next, but by extreme and vehement love. Lett one enjoy what blessings God and fortune can bestow, if they be not heightened wth. passionate affection, they are flatt and despised." The "extreme and vehement" characterised almost every aspect of Sir Kenelm Digby's "very full life"; but we must not forget that a great deal of the Venetia story comes to us through Digby's own "Private Memoirs," written, or outlined, on the island of Milos, in very curious circumstances,

during the Mediterranean Expedition. Doubtless, in their main elements, they were "founded on fact," but, being conceived in a fictional and, indeed, a euphuistic form, they were, almost as certainly, highly romanticised. Nor can we forget that Venetia was not the only woman to whom Sir Kenelm wrote in the "extreme and vehement" strain. The whole Venetia story, in short, is of great and often of moving interest, but we fail to discover in it the extraordinary qualities which Mr. Bligh so strenuously attributes to it.

Chief interest, then, dwells in the many-sided character of Sir Kenelm Digby himself, and in the strange, eventful history of his life; and herein lies the principal value of Mr. Bligh's study, particularly in the light of his new evidence. Take him for all in all, this great romantic was, as Mr. Bligh says, a "potterer"—though a potterer with *panache*. "Digby was a man who did everything and achieved nothing. But in his strangeness, his love, his spirit of curiosity, his vanity, his journeyings on political missions (he had the distinction of being thought mad by the Pope), his faithfulness to an ideal—that of his starry Venetia—his love of learning, his dalliance with Canterbury and his reconciliation with Rome, and his great personal presence, he may be taken as an epitome of the troubled and poetical seventeenth century." The man who, at the age of twenty-five, could "prowl the seas" and defy both the elements and the King's enemies, was also a mathematician of no small attainment; a great bibliophile, a patron of letters, and a benefactor of libraries; a writer of extraordinary fluency, an amateur theologian and physicist and chemist, and a literary critic of acute perception; a member of the Royal Society, a friend of Thomas Hobbes; a fascinating talker, though evidently given to the "long bow"; the sponsor to the learned world of the "Sympathetic Powder"; a duellist, a poet, an administrator, a diplomat, and withal a skilled and pertinacious self-advertiser. Truly, "a very full life," such as cannot be lived in our more "advanced" age.

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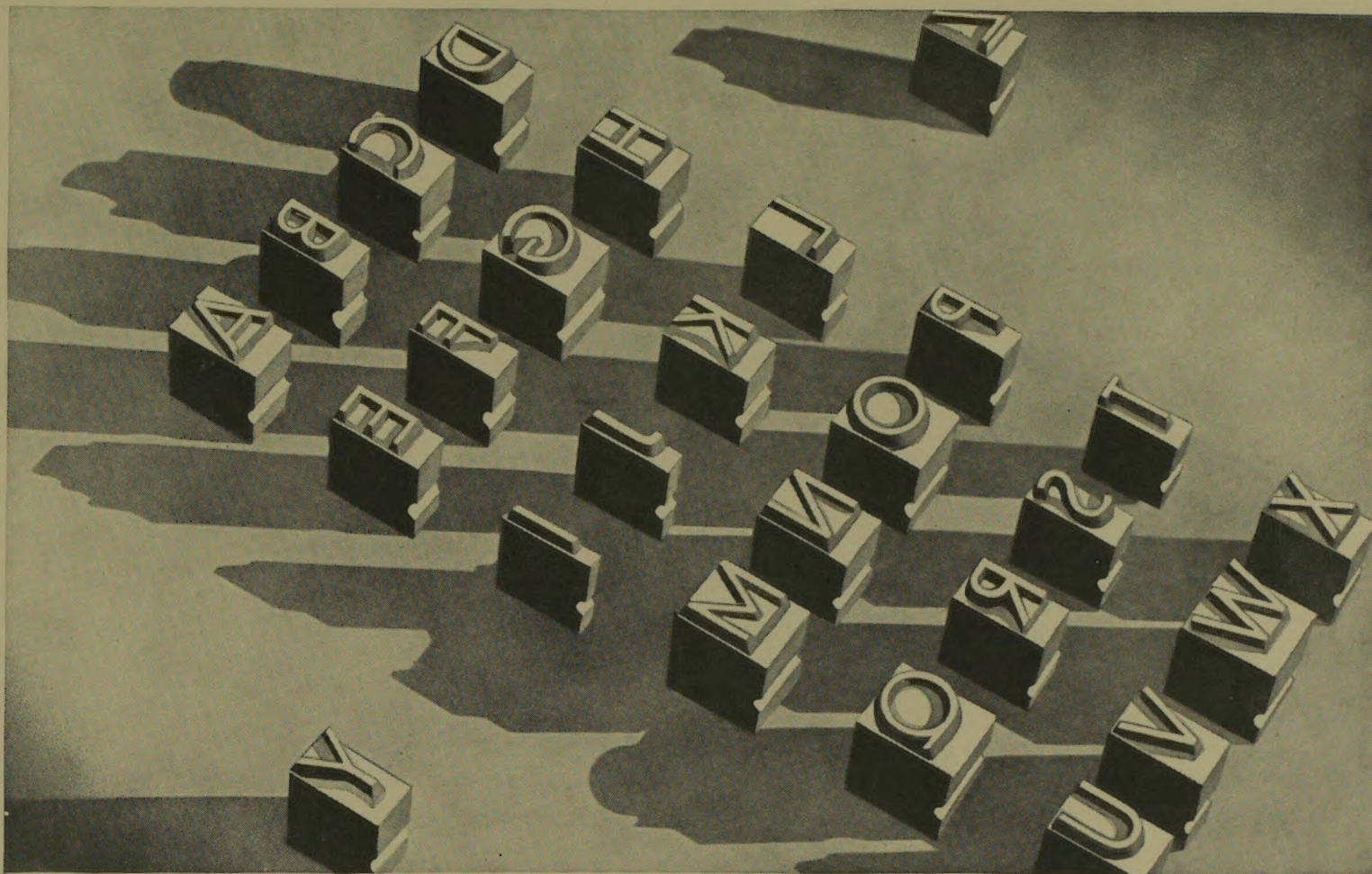
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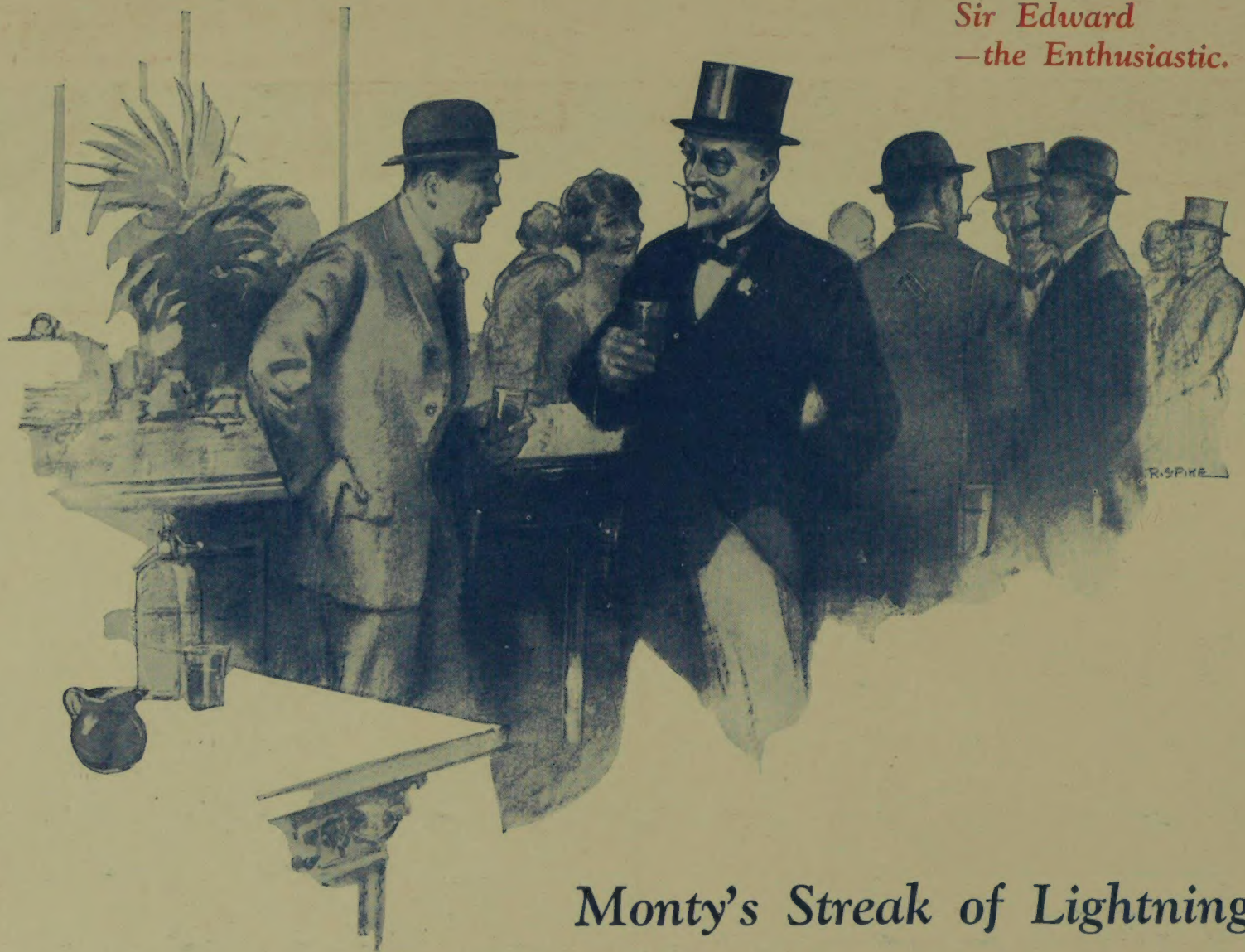
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Sir Edward: "Very nice, too. Jolly place."

Lord Bob: "Quite right; they met Algy there, who gave them a great dinner, and although, as you know, Monty very seldom gets 'out of his stride,' he mixed his drinks a bit and, as I understand it, went to bed 'full of imagination.'"

Sir Edward: "I am still wondering how the saying applies."

Lord Bob: "Don't hustle me. That night he dreamt he was on the Racecourse when a terrific storm came on, during which he saw a horse struck by lightning."

Sir Edward: "Go on"

Lord Bob: "As you know, Monty is inclined to be rather superstitious; he looked upon the dream as an omen, and next day searched his card through for the name of a horse which had some reference to his dream."

Sir Edward: "Difficult, I should imagine?"

Lord Bob: "Yes; he had given it up, when, in the last race, he heard the bookies roaring, 'Six-to-four "Strega."' Like a flash he wired 'Duggie' a hundred on it."

Sir Edward: "But why 'Strega'? For the life of me I can't see it."

Lord Bob: "Neither could I until Monty explained it."

Sir Edward: "And what explanation did he give?"

Lord Bob: "Why, 'Strega' lightning, of course. Seems quite simple when it's pointed out. Poor old 'Duggie.'"

Sir Edward: "Oh, 'Duggie' won't mind; he'll enjoy the joke as much as anybody—that's why I'm so enthusiastic about him."

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